The Nation.

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The Week.

If Gov. Cummins of Iowa is correct, the Presidential campaign next year is to be a battle of metaphysicians. This would follow from his definition of the issues. There is to be, first, the Democratic idea of tariff revision in a deadly struggle with the Republican idea of tariff revision. The one would be absolutely fatal to the country, the other is necessary to its salvation; yet which is which, and how one is distinguished from the other, it would take a prince of the scholastics to decide. Hence we say that the outlook is good for philosophers on the stump next year, able to divide a hair 'twixt north and northwest side. Their services will also be in demand if Gov. Cummins's other issue is to be understanded of the people. This is the Democratic plan of regulating corporations, in conflict with the Republican plan of doing the same thing. Of course, we should scarcely survive if the former were foolishly adopted, while we shall die prematurely if the latter is not; yet the two look as much alike as two peas. Some miraculously intelligent voters may be able to make the proper choice, but the run of them, we are sure, will need the aid of men skilled in pointing out the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

Although the new rules of the Republican party reduce by a total of eight votes in the convention the potency of those political divisions which either cast no electoral votes at all, or will certainly give theirs to the Democrats, these continue popular subjects of speculation. The Territories, which had a total of 42 delegates in 1904, including those from Porto Rico and the Philippines, will this year have but 14, which would be negligible in any but a very close contest. For Southern Republicans, however, the National Convention provides one crowded hour of glorious life. The six States of Alabama, South Carolina, Texas, Georgia, Mississippi, and Arkansas can in the convention outvote by 14 the combined delegations of California, Nebraska, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Kansas, and Connecticut. In the last Presidential election the former group cast 150,308 votes for Roosevelt, the latter 1,168,752. Thus, if we take these two groups as typical, one Southern delegate represents 1,073 individual Republican voters, while a Northern delegate represents 9,276. It is logically nine times as much honor for a candidate to win a delegate from a Northern State, but, on the other hand, his work counts for nine times as much if it is expended in that sunny region where the air tingles now with rumors of plot and counterplot.

A political writer recently expressed the desire to see a direct contest between the "new Federalists" and the "new anti-Federalists." If all the Democrats and all the Republicans who believe in confining governmental functions within the narrowest practicable limits should get together on one side, while all the Democrats and all the Republicans who believe in a considerable extension of governmental functions lined up on the other, the next election might demonstrate the true feeling of the American people about a question which underlies most of the particular issues of the day. As matters stand now, Democrats have lent a hand in most if not all of the new Federal policies, of which the most prominent critic at the moment happens to be Senator Foraker, a Republican. But the citizens interested in this question are not the only ones to talk about new alignments. We are told that if all the "friends of labor" would only vote the same way, they could overcome anybody and everybody. This view was rather discredited by last year's elections. Tariff reformers who know how serious is the Republican discontent with the stand-pat policy, wish devoutly that there could be a fresh alignment on the tariff issue, and would willingly let the Democratic protectionists join with Cannon and Payne and the others. Despite these wishes, however, any general re-alignment in 1908 is unlikely. Not long after Roosevelt's reëlection, many prophets were ready to predict a break-up of the old political parties. Some foretold a long era of good-feeling under a semi-paternal government, while others saw the immediate joining of battle between the corporations and the common people. Both agreed that neither the Democratic party nor the Republican—apart from the man it had placed in the Chief Magistracy—was worth saving. But all the political reporters are now predicting the liveliest convention the Republicans have held since 1892. And the Opposition is not to be a new or nondescript aggregation, proletariat or corporate, but the same old Democratic party. There will be no new alignment except in the wholesome sense that unattached voters will change their minds and shift according to their new convictions. They will, as usual, hold the balance of power between the immobile and disciplined bodies of straight party men. Not even Roosevelt with all his muckrakers, on the one hand, or Harriman with all his conspirators, on the other, has been able to do more than ripple the deep current of our system of two-party government.

In Attorney-General Bonaparte's address at Chicago last Saturday, he was filled with the idea of enforcing the law without fear or favor. He spoke, however, as if there were almost a general conspiracy to prevent the Administration from executing the laws, or to bring it into discredit if it did. The Department of Justice could not move against a great corporation without being accused of undermining prosperity; against land monopolists, without being charged with persecuting "prominent and useful citizens"; against peonage, without being blamed for hostility to an entire section of the country. Freely admitting, as we do, the importance of many of the Administration's attempts to apply the law—as in the Northern Securities case—no one who scans the record will concede that the statutes have been invariably executed. In the Paul Morton case, the specially designated assistants of the Attorney-General urged a certain course as the only way in which to establish the criminality of a friend of Mr. Roosevelt's, but the owner of the brotherless spear refused to let the law take its course. Moreover, the National Bank Act provides that "every person, firm, association, other than national bank associations, and every corporation . . . shall pay a tax of ten per centum on the amount of their own notes used for circulation and paid out by them." That is perfectly explicit. It makes no allowance for times of money stringency. Indeed, one of Mr. Bonaparte's subordinates in Texas proposed last month to collect this tax, as it might have been collected in many parts of the country. But Washington did not move. This particular law was, for the time being, made a dead letter by the Department of Justice. We do not say that this should not have been done. If the 10 per cent. tax had been rigidly levied upon all the scrip and corporation checks afloat as currency, there would have been an indignant outcry, and monetary recovery would have been retarded. But this very fact shows that law enforcement is not so simple a thing as is sometimes alleged. An executive cannot do his whole duty by merely looking into the statute-book, and decreeing that every law found there shall be always and everywhere enforced to the very letter. Capriciousness, or personal favoritism, in one set for the execution of the laws, is, of course, intolerable, but he is bound to use a certain amount of prudence even in law enforcement. This is rec-

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ognized by Attorney-General Bonaparte, even in the fury of his argument, when he adds that, of course, people must not "demand impossibilities."

The Governor of Nevada presents himself in no enviable light. He called upon the President for aid, apparently when in a state of terror at the prospect of a revolution. So Mr. Roosevelt properly and promptly responded by hurrying troops to the scene of impending war, only to find that everything was quiet. Naturally, Mr. Roosevelt feels indignant, particularly as Gov. Sparks is not only calmly ignoring the President's telegrams, but has declared in writing to the commission appointed by Mr. Roosevelt that he will not convene the Legislature to consider the situation in Goldfield, or the raising of a proper State military force to police that place if it really needs policing. Gov. Sparks has only himself to blame if the world at large believes that he has been playing fast and loose with the Federal authorities and suspects that the call for troops was but an effort of the mine owners to utilize them in their own interest, as against that of the striking miners.

The refusal of the States of Washington and California to allow their militia to participate in next year's coast-defence manœuvres is of particular interest at this time, when every effort is being made to bind the National Guard and the regular army closer together. In this State we have one coast artillery militia regiment, and its enrolment, larger than that of any other in the State, is pointed to by those who assert that an alliance between State and Federal troops means renewed interest in the former. Indeed, it is currently reported that there will shortly be a move to change two more infantry regiments into coast artillery. To us this undertaking seems of little value. Good militia regiments of infantry and cavalry can be made, but not good technical troops. The adjutants-general of Washington and California are quite right in saying that, if the Federal government needs a reserve of this kind, it had better create one itself. The idea that troops could drill in an armory for six months in the year and in a fort for one week and then be of value in time of war is untenable. And where could the technically trained officers, skilled in electricity, in ballistics, in submarine mines, in gunnery, in all the intricate details of modern coast defence, be found to command such regiments?

Protests by the Italian government against the destruction by Kentucky "night-riders" of some tobacco owned by the Italian government tobacco monopoly, and against ill-treatment of Italian laborers in Louisiana, Florida, and Mississippi, bear out what we have said in regard to the necessity of a change of front in the South, if it would really attract foreign immigration. This the Charleston *News and Courier* admits in a recent editorial. The killing of two Macedonian laborers near Chathamsville, La., can, of course, be paralleled by the attacks on Chinese in the West; yet that in no way mitigates the horror of the crime, nor the shame it brings upon Louisiana and the whole country. There must be law and order if these States are to be fit habitations for natives as well as foreigners, and are to progress industrially. But when the Italian government officially declares that it has found many Italian laborers in a state of peonage "worse than slavery," the South must not be surprised if Europe looks upon it as decades behind the times. If the South is compelled by this attitude of the outside world to set its house in order, the colored man, too, may be relieved from those oppressive laws which, as Assistant Attorney-General Russell has officially reported, are drawn as though with the purpose of making a peon of him.

Prohibition in this country means to day a system of regulating the liquor traffic whereby whiskey may be obtained legally from the drug-store on a physician's prescription, and from the express office without any such prescription. The express companies, we believe, never maintain bars of their own, or permit drinking on the premises. Thus they offer the same discouragements to public drunkenness as did the now defunct South Carolina dispensary. But, good or bad, this traffic in original packages of intoxicants from other States is not authorized by the "dry" States. There is no partisan division on the question whether the Federal government should use its power over interstate commerce, to help rather than hinder the States in carrying out their own policies. Last week it was Tillman, a Democrat, who brought up the issue in the Senate. A couple of years ago it was Dolliver, a Republican. The question is one about which license communities have always been indifferent, but every growth of no-license sentiment increases its practical importance.

The year which has seen the removal of the motto "In God We Trust" from our coins, sees also the first official recognition of Santa Claus by the Federal government. Those thousands of childish letters, droll, quaint, or pathetic, addressed to the fabulous old gentleman at the North Pole, or Fairyland, or—as a good proportion are reported to be marked this year—"care of Theodore Roosevelt, Washington, D. C.," are to reach some one who may really give them attention. Hitherto, a soulless bureaucracy has stamped them "party unknown" and dumped them by bushels into the hoppers of the dead-letter office; but now unofficial organizations "of standing" will have the felicity of filling the orders for drums and guns, Teddy bears, and stick candy. It is said that the letters will even be answered. Mr. Pinchot, the Chief Forester, has also scouted the current belief that Christmas-tree cutting is a serious waste of our forests. So the trees may be enjoyed without the guilty feeling that it is at the expense of the future timber supply and the regular flow of the rivers. Acts like these show that the season of good will can make even a severe government relax.

The active bidding for hearth-fronts and columns of heavy stone at the auction of Stanford White's collections showed that there is a demand for sculpture, in connection with architecture, which the sculptors here do not satisfy. That we have capable sculptors is known to every one who has seen the exhibitions of the National Sculpture Society and such smaller exhibits of sculpture as appear in connection with other shows. Nevertheless, the attention of the public has been concentrated for a long time on painting, and glass windows and mosaics; and, as regards sculpture in stone or wood, there is noticeable apathy. Yet we have never had so many excellent workmen in the field of small statuary as to-day; and architects are doing their share to encourage sculpture on the exterior of city buildings, and also something toward a wider taste for sculptured hearths in country houses. One great difficulty which our sculptors encounter is that New York does not contain a suitable place for exhibition of the art. The winter show of statuary which was planned by the National Sculpture Society is going to Baltimore, where the armory of the Fifth Regiment, a fireproof building, will be used. We, too, have armories which would perfectly meet the requirements of a combined exhibit of architecture, sculpture, and flowers, but the right to use them for such purposes has been withdrawn.

An increase of 29 per cent. in population in eight years should be a fair, though not indubitable, proof of a country's material well-being. That increase is what the just completed Cuban census shows. From 1,572,845 in 1899 the number of inhabitants has risen to 2,025,282—a respectable population, as small nations go nowadays. It is only 400,000 less than Denmark's population, 200,000 less than Norway's, and over one-half

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of that of all Central America. The increase, moreover, has shown no tendency to concentration, but has been marked in the entire island. The province of Havana, as a matter of fact, shows the smallest ratio of growth, 22 per cent. It is still the leading province, with a population of 517,524; but it is closely pressed by Santa Clara, with 457,897, and an increase of 29 per cent., and Oriente (formerly Santiago de Cuba), with 453,732, and an increase of 38 per cent. The highest rate of growth was in Matanzas, which now has 289,866, an increase of 43 per cent. Pinar del Rio's growth to 240,781 has been at the rate of 39 per cent., and Camaguey to 117,432 at the rate of 23 per cent. To these results immigration has, of course, largely contributed.

Of the four new cardinals created in the recent consistory, two are Frenchmen—the Archbishops of Rheims and Marseilles—and a third, to judge from his name, De Lai, is probably of the same nationality. A sudden increase in the number of French cardinals from five to eight is not without significance at a time when the question of the final disposition of church property resulting from the Separation Law is being taken up by the French Chamber. Of a repeal of the Separation Law there can be, of course, little hope. The problem that confronts the Church in France is one of organization for carrying on work under new conditions. That the head of the Catholic Church is in close sympathy with the faithful in face of their afflictions and the great task now before them, the increase in the number of French cardinals is probably one method of testifying. The devolution of church property is comparatively an unimportant matter in the eyes of the militant Catholic leaders; at most, it would be a question of saving a little more or less out of a general shipwreck. Organization for the future is the watchword—organization not only for defence, but for offence. We find such a fighting platform put forth, for instance, by the Bishop of Beauvais, some time ago. According to his statement, Catholics must organize, in the first place, to procure for the clergy the actual means of subsistence, as well as for the "reconquest" of religious liberty, for the defence of society against dissolution through the decline of morality, and for the protection of the young. "And the best mode of defence is to attack, so as to forestall further assaults. Napoleon was defeated only when he had ceased to attack."

The *Revue de Paris* publishes a translation of one of Mrs. Edith Wharton's novels, under the title, "Chez les heureux du monde," which, an inspired reader might guess, is French for "The House of Mirth." Translations from the English are enjoying increasing popularity in Continental periodicals, and especially as *feuilletons* in the daily press. In the case of such serious journals as the Paris *Temps* or the *Giornale d'Italia* of Rome, the suggestion is unescapable that the "puritan" literature of Great Britain, and, to a less extent, America, is naturally adaptable. That the Paris *Figaro* should announce a translation of one of Robert Hichens's stories, may be explained by the element of the exotic which characterizes the Englishman's tales of North Africa—a field, by the way, in which French romancers have themselves done excellent work. It is notable that the favorites for *feuilleton* consumption are not the Hardys and the Merediths, but Kipling and Conan Doyle.

Bourgeois as a term of reproach has entered into the thought and speech of at least two generations. It rivals Philistine as a convenient epithet for what we do not like. In literature, in art, most of all in morals, to be a bourgeois is to be something indefinably but unspeakably awful. Careful parents and anxious teachers warn the young against incurring this taint. The malediction came to us from France, and there are those who maintain that we give it a more malign significance than it has in its country of origin. Prof. Barrett Wendell has recently pointed out that the great body of students at the French universities are bourgeois. So are the leading professional men; they derive from middle-class families in the provinces. Such is notoriously the case with public men in France. When the Socialist orator Jaurès flung the taunt of bourgeois at the Ministry, Clemenceau eagerly accepted it as if it were a badge of honor. As well reproach a Tammany statesman for being "close to the people"! These confusions have lately been the subject of analysis by a Frenchman, M. Aynard, Deputy from Lyons. In a speech before a commercial club, he took up the question of "the war of classes." It is, of course, "guerre à la bourgeoisie" that the Socialists declare, but M. Aynard defied them to say exactly what they mean. With as much truth as wit, he contended that "the term bourgeois is something much easier to resent than to define." There is no sure outward sign, nor infallible inner trait, by which one may detect the bourgeois. To be sure, there are great classes of people who may roughly be so grouped. But even in the class there is no fixity. M. Aynard had made a little investigation of a thousand of the most flourishing commercial houses of Lyons. Nine-tenths of them had been founded by men who were actual workmen or employees shortly before, and who with their families could not even be called bourgeois to-day, so rapid has been their rise, owing to their own initiative and force, with the free opportunity offered by the laws. There is, admittedly, in France as in this country, a kingdom of the bourgeois, but its boundaries are vague and shifting. Within it are the classes which represent stability, with rather banal ideas, no doubt, but which also represent energy, aspiration, and the spirit of progress. Hence, no sooner have the superior beings outside got their lorgnettes superciliously levelled at the bourgeois, than he suddenly makes his way up to where they stand, and pushes them aside. And presently he, in his turn, becomes very contemptuous of all that is bourgeois!

The career of Lord Kelvin illustrates the great opportunity and appeal which modern science makes to capable and aspiring natures. There is the element of intense mental satisfaction. To be grappling with the problems that underlie all human problems must yield its daily thrill. But this higher type of scientist never loses himself in unrealities. His sense of the actual is too strong for that. Hence he is always eager to show the bearing of his most refined speculations upon the thoughts and lives of men and the march of progress. And if, as an aside from his more arduous labors of the intellect, he is able to devise or perfect some process or tool to bring the triumphs of science home to the hearts of men, he has the contentment which comes from feeling his feet upon the earth and doing service to its denizens. His example shows what is really meant when we speak of the romance of science. De Maistre has a striking passage on the contrast between the scientific spirit of the present and the conception of science in primitive times. Then there was something almost supernatural in the idea of science; it brought up a mystic figure, "looking only at the sky, and with a foot disdainfully touching the earth only to quit it." To-day, on the contrary, science is pictured as loaded down with books and instruments, "pale with vigils and labors, and pressing forward panting on the path towards the truth, with eyes fixed ever on the ground." Yet the two conceptions are not wholly irreconcilable. In Lord Kelvin they were blended, and our point is that something of the old awe felt for the Magi reasserts itself in the case of such a scientist as he. He was seen to be one "commercing with the skies." Yet he would emerge from his closet, and display a kind of magic control over the forces of nature. Thus both reverence and gratitude attended him. The peculiar impress he made upon his time, such satisfactions of attainment as were his, could scarcely be paralleled in any other calling.

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TAFT AND M'KINLEY.

Secretary Taft must find on his return home that his backers have been troubled about many things. Thus far their hopes and predictions have failed of fulfilment. The expected orders have issued from the White House, but have not proved self-executing. The obedient Southern postmasters have come forward as men ready to vote for Roosevelt, but strangely unwilling to be delivered to any man whom Roosevelt might name. Not in New England, or in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, or Illinois, has any real Taft sentiment been discovered; while even in Ohio there is a bitter contest for the delegates, with the practical certainty that Foraker will get at least a few. Such an outlook for the Ohio candidate of 1907 contrasts sharply with that of the Ohio candidate of 1895 when Hanna was in charge.

If one compares the management of the McKinley campaign by Mark Hanna with that of the Taft campaign by Arthur Vorys, the first effect is almost ludicrous. Whatever has to be said of Mr. Hanna, he was a man of undoubted grasp and energy. He knew how to make large political combinations. Force and bigness were the characteristics of his plans. Hanna was a strong man pulling along a weak candidate. Taft's manager, on the contrary, has made the impression of an ineffectual little gentleman clinging to the coat-tails of the big Secretary. His methods have been petty and waspish. The mailing of a million postal cards, from Columbus, with "Taft is a Sure Winner," or some such powerful effort of the imagination, printed on them, is a good measure of his political resource. Then, too, Mr. Vorys has spent too much time making denials and uttering charges and running to the White House with angry tales of treachery. It may not be fair to put all the blame of the Taft disappointments upon him, but much of it undoubtedly belongs there, and if a scapegoat is desired, there stands Vorys ready to be sent back into the Ohio wilderness.

Those who speak comfortable things to themselves about the prospects of the Taft campaign, ought not to forget how much brighter was the McKinley outlook at the corresponding period twelve years ago. Hanna was striking at the great voting strength of the Republican party. New England was practically conceded to Reed, though Connecticut in the end gave seven votes in the convention to McKinley; but in the other States to which the Republicans must look for electoral votes, the movement for the Ohio man soon became irresistible. Illinois, Indiana, with Minnesota and Michigan, were made sure for McKinley. Ohio was, of course, for him without a quaver or a break. Two great States, New York and Pennsylvania, were held by their bosses, Platt and Quay, but the McKinley tactics steadily undermined them. Before the convention, Quay threw up his hands, and, though Platt stuck to his "blind" candidacy of Gov. Morton, the "skilful agents of McKinley," whom the *Tribune* reported on December 2, 1895, to be at work in this State, labored to such good advantage that McKinley actually got seventeen of the seventy-two votes on the first ballot. The McKinley campaign, in a word, was one of the most shrewdly planned and triumphantly executed that the country ever saw.

The rather melancholy contrast which the Taft campaign offers is not wholly to the Secretary's discredit. It is not worse to have a timid and feeble manager than to be controlled by one who is powerful, but sinister and unscrupulous. Nobody is financing, or will be tempted to finance, the Taft campaign, as Hanna saw to it that the McKinley campaign was financed. Without money, Hanna could not work at all. His first instinct, whenever he wanted anything, was, as one of his Ohio intimates has phrased it, to "go out and buy somebody." The scandal of the lavish use of money to promote McKinley's nomination grew so great and open that Speaker Reed deliberately placed on record his opinion that delegates were bought like cattle. Secretary Taft might well prefer to fail rather than succeed by such means.

His friends say that they expect very positive action from him, as soon as he finds out the exact posture of affairs. What he could do, however, to put a new face on his campaign, does not appear. A change of managers may accomplish some good, but a radical change of spirit is what is needed. To-day, the Secretary inevitably stands as a patronized and second-hand candidate. The President intimated to the reporters last week that Cortelyou's declaration left "only one candidate in the field who can be regarded as representing the policies of the Administration, and only one Cabinet candidate." This means Taft, of course. That large-built, vigorous, and independent man is thus held up to the country as merely the shadow of another. This is what most kills off enthusiasm for Taft. And he, by not only assenting to the condescending endorsement of Roosevelt, but glorying in it, has made himself largely responsible for what followed. It may be that his speedy retirement from the Cabinet would now mend matters; but short of that, or some other clear demonstration to the country that he is his own master, we do not know what "positive action" he can take that will much avail. Indeed, the latest report from Washington is that the good-natured man is going to let others do the worrying about the Presidency.

THE REPORT OF THE BANKERS' COMMITTEE.

When it had become evident, from the run on the New York trust companies, that the State law regulating these institutions was dangerously defective, Gov. Hughes requested six bankers to suggest reforms. As long ago as October, 1901, the Clearing House Association had called attention to the fact that a number of trust companies were doing a deposit banking business pure and simple, with no requirement as to cash reserves, and with a latitude as to investment of demand deposits, which had not been deemed safe, and had not therefore been permitted, for deposit banks. In February, 1903, the Clearing House required of such companies as "cleared" their checks through banks the maintenance of a 10 to 15 per cent. cash reserve against deposits. In January, 1905, the State Superintendent of Banking somewhat timidly urged the passage of a law requiring cash reserves, and in April, 1906, the Legislature decreed that trust companies must maintain against all deposits a 15 per cent. reserve, one-third at least in cash on hand, and the rest, if a company chose, in the form of public securities and deposits with other institutions. This requirement, as events of last October have proved, is entirely inadequate: First, because this reserve is insufficient support for demand deposits; second, because no restriction beyond the slight limitations fixed by the old trust company law is applied to the use of such deposits. And the public's unanimous recognition of the part played by these two considerations in the disastrous panic led to the demand for new banking legislation and to the Governor's appointment of the committee.

Their report, a document of great value, does not confine itself to imperfections of the trust company law, but takes up comprehensively the abuses which the experience of last October brought to light. It recommends that the Banking Superintendent have power to veto the establishment of new banks, new trust companies, or new branches of either—that power to be a safeguard against the exploiting of such institutions by designing promoters, or their establishment in localities where they are not needed. The Superintendent should, in the committee's judgment, have a similar right to block the purchase of one banking institution by another. Both these recommendations are excellent; they are merely a new assertion of the duty of the State, which charters and shelters such institutions, to see that the powers thus granted are not used to defraud the depositor. The further recommendations that all loans must be submitted to the board of directors; that additional capital be required when branch banks are establish-

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ed; that the proportion of loans to be granted to one borrower, or to one underwriting syndicate, be rigidly restricted; and that the Banking Superintendent administer the affairs of insolvent institutions as the Comptroller of the Currency does with national banks—each of these proposed amendments is both wise and necessary.

We regret, however, that the committee has not grappled more successfully with the overshadowing problem of restrictions, as to reserve and scope of investment, on trust company demand deposits. Three members of the committee advise a compulsory 25 per cent. reserve on all trust-company deposits in the larger cities, 15 per cent. to be cash on hand and 10 per cent. deposit credits in institutions approved by the Banking Superintendent; companies in smaller localities to keep 15 per cent. The two trust company presidents on the committee—both representing institutions doing an old-fashioned trustee business—disapprove the requirement of more than 15 per cent., holding that this, with the investment of their capital and the guarantee fund required by law, should be sufficient. A. S. Frissell of the Fifth Avenue Bank alone touches on the important question of separating trust deposits, subject to notice of withdrawal, from demand deposits subject to instantaneous recall. Against demand deposits in trust companies of New York city he advises exaction of the full 25 per cent. cash on hand which is required of deposit banks.

Mr. Frissell is, we think, right, for the reason that the pure deposit business of a trust company ought to stand on exactly the footing of the deposits of ordinary banks. If State and national banks in New York city need, as a safeguard to depositors, a cash reserve in hand of 25 per cent., similar business, conducted under the roof of a trust company, needs the same. It is true that the State imposes on the trust companies requirements as to investment of capital and accumulation of a guarantee fund in the hands of the State, requirements to which deposit banks are not subjected. But these provisions were applied with a view to the simple trustee business. No reform, we are convinced, will settle the problem of trust companies, partly or wholly engaged in ordinary banking business, unless it strikes at the root, compels a distinction between the two branches of the business, sets up the rule by which deposit accounts shall be allotted to the one department or the other, and applies to the banking department the full requirements of ordinary deposit banks.

CHANGES IN PERSIA.

The silent struggle which has been in progress for nearly a year between Persia's new Parliament and her new Shah gives signs of developing into open conflict. Our news from Teheran has been meagre and spasmodic; yet that in itself is a tribute to the peaceful way in which a revolution is being worked out by the second greatest Mohammedan nation in the world. Then, too, the tradition of the inhuman cruelty of the typical Oriental despot is shattered by the fact that neither the ruler who granted Persia's Constitution nor his successor who has repeatedly promised to obey it, should have resorted to violent measures.

The revolutionary movement received its impulse from the same cause that has set other Asiatic peoples into ferment—the Russo-Japanese war. Behind that, however, was a long history of misgovernment and social oppression of a peculiarly iniquitous kind. The reign of Muzzafer-ed-din, the late Shah, which began in 1896, was a period of unwonted extravagance. He squandered the treasure accumulated by his father, and entered on a series of borrowings from Russia which resulted in the establishment of that Power as the paramount influence at Teheran. The inhabitants of the provinces were subjected to the extortion of unscrupulous governors, whose relations to the court were still characterized by the free and easy responsibility of the ancient satraps. The important governorships were the recognized plunder of the various royal princes. The sale by the governor of Khorassan of five hundred young boys and girls as slaves in satisfaction of taxes imposed on their parents, was one of the powerful specific causes of the popular upheaval in northern Persia. The *khans*, or large land-owners, practised their own system of robbery, which consisted in illegally manipulating the water supply so as to deprive the peasants of the necessary irrigation facilities and compel them to sell their land at a ruinous price.

Not the least anomalous feature of present conditions is that the clergy should have been the leaders of popular agitation. Behind them, undoubtedly, was British influence. In July, 1906, occurred the dramatic secession of 16,000 citizens of Teheran who established themselves within the grounds of the British legation, while their leaders, the principal *mollahs*, or priests, took refuge in the sacred city of Kum. On August 5 Muzzafer-ed-din promised the convocation of a national assembly, which met in Teheran early in October and set to work upon a code of fundamental laws. The Shah signified his adherence to the Constitution on the death of his father in January of the present year; repeated his promise on February 10, when rumors of reactionary intrigues had aroused popular apprehension; signed the instrument on October 11, and took formal oath to it before Parliament on November 12 last. The reform movement has swept over the court and the provinces. Notoriously incompetent governors have been recalled, pensions and exorbitant salaries have been abolished, and Parliament has decreed the establishment of a national bank, founded on capital raised solely within the country, to which the entire administration of the state finances should be delegated. Foreign loans are absolutely prohibited.

That reform should have triumphed so completely proves, on the one hand, the utter unsoundness of the autocratic régime, and, on the other, a power of intelligent organization in the Persian people which we were loath to concede to an Asiatic race until after the battle of Mukden. Had the Shah had an army behind him, he might have held out against the aggressions of Parliament; but the soldiers have not been paid for two years. As for the clergy, they constitute over three-fourths of the National Assembly of 156 members. Having against him the two great factors which, in Russia, for instance, have proved the salvation of the throne—the church and the army—there is little wonder that the Shah should have found himself so helpless. On the other hand, the reform party has revealed an astonishing capacity for organization. Secret societies, pledged to the defence of the Constitution, flourish. There are seventy in Teheran alone, and it is a further remarkable feature of this debonair Persian revolution that, although these societies have been organized on the model of the secret associations which have played such a sanguinary part in the conflicts between Tartars and Armenians in Russian Transcaucasia, their course has been one of exemplary self-restraint, marred by a single incident—the assassination on August 31 of the Atabeg Azam, a notorious official whom the Shah had recalled from Europe and made Prime Minister.

Just now, there is dissatisfaction with a Parliament that has sat for fourteen months and achieved, like every first Parliament, little practical result. The national bank scheme has made no progress, because patriotism has as yet failed to supply the $30,000,000 fixed as its capital. In the provinces the people have been roused to a state of rebellion by rumors of reactionary cabals in the capital and by impatience with the work of Parliament, while governors of the old type and disgruntled royal princes have been dabbling in intrigue. Most important of all, perhaps, is the changed attitude on the part of the higher clergy. The two leading *mollahs* have been suspected for some time of carrying on negotiations with the court. They have been estranged from the revolutionary movement by such radical action, for instance, as the establishment, in the Constitution, of all other religions on an equal basis with Islam.

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. The announced intention of the British and Russian governments to intervene for the peaceful settlement of the points at issue between the Crown and Parliament is, on the whole, a favorable omen. Great Britain can hardly be expected to abandon the Persian Liberal movement. Russia will probably advocate the cause of her good friend the Shah. The result may be a compromise, by which the Parliament will be restricted to its legitimate functions, the Shah placated, and real "constructive" work begun. That the nation would rise in arms against an arrangement supported by the two tutelary Powers is improbable; and constitutionalism, which arose largely as a protest against foreign influence, may come to owe its secure establishment to that very cause.

THE NOVEL OF LARGE CANVAS.

Although a successful publisher is on record as saying that the man who could predict the fate of even one new book in ten would be practically beyond price, prophets continually appear to tell us what the next literary "tendency" is to be. The latest prognostication is that "large canvases" are to come again into fashion. Our novelists, instead of simplifying and unifying motives and reducing the number of their characters, will give their imaginations play, supplying minor characters and subplots as freely as may be. It is obviously unnecessary to enumerate the famous exemplars of the kind of fiction which seeks to make itself the mirror of many-sided contemporary life. It is as true that nearly all the novels ranked as "great" are constructed on this plan, as that nearly all of the dullest ever written follow it likewise.

As a matter of fact, so far have some of our leading and most popular fiction writers departed from this accepted model that the fabrication of a romance of only one character and no setting at all would seem the quintessence of success. Of course, it is not for mortals to carry their literary distillation quite so far as that, but it is easy to name recent novels, like "The Helpmate" or "Confessions of a Wife," which have practically but two characters, with only such background as is necessary to prove that these are not disembodied spirits. From the chronicle of their complex mutual reactions—they are usually in these days husband and wife suffering from incompatibility of temper—all extraneous matter is pruned with a ruthlessness which the old teachers of rhetoric would have applied only to the short story. Searching analysis, vital portraiture of character may be there in abundance, as well as a popular appeal to which the record of sales testifies, but a whole year's output of these books lumped together does not make a human comedy.

Some persons have been unkind enough to say that our novels are inadequately manned for the same reason as our coastwise fortifications—because we don't know how to raise the full complement. The writers of to-day, they say, could not, if they tried, invent such various and curious and interesting figures as raise their heads in every chapter of Dickens or Balzac. With only so many separate fictitious personages in his mind an author cannot afford to set one of these to opening gates or waiting on table or sitting about as bookkeeper or maiden aunt. Consequently, these minor parts are eliminated entirely, if possible, or if not, are filled by puppets without personality. The modern novelist—we are again quoting his hostile critics—is a past master of the art of suppressing characters who really ought to be in his stories, suppressing them because he has no flesh and bones to spare for them.

We should prefer to explain the condition in some way less humiliating than the confession that fancy is dead. Consider further analogies between the book and the drama. Our recent few-charactered novels are in many ways like the plays of our day. Some of them, indeed, might be dramatized without the elimination of a single character. But this is not all. It has always been an accepted principle that the reader of a book could be trusted to do far more in carrying plot and action along than the auditor at the theatre. Thus the convention is that the dramatist may let one character deceive another character, but never the spectator. That personage, being none too clever to begin with, and having no chance to turn back to the previous chapter, or shut his eyes to think things over, would be in danger of losing the thread entirely. The novel-reader used to be trusted more than that. If an extraneous episode, a battle description, an historical disquisition, or a tale told by a character was put in between two chapters, the reader was expected to get through it without forgetting everything that had happened before. It was assumed that he could tell the difference between important and unimportant characters, and that he would not, like a small boy on an errand, be distracted by any amusing occurrence at the corner. Thus, long after it was conceded by everybody that the playgoer was only a degree or two above the standard of admission to the idiot asylum, the novel-reader was still conceded a small element of common sense. Cannot a good many recent tendencies in popular fiction be explained on the assumption that its makers have come to regard their public as the makers of plays have long regarded their public?

The assumption that the "psychological" novel necessarily calls for any special qualities in the reader is behind much nonsense that is uttered on this point. As often as not, this type of novel is merely a device for letting the author talk about his characters, telling us how clever, or how deep, or how complex they are, as the case may be, instead of making them reveal themselves under the light of his genius. In that case it demands less continuous attention, loses less by skipping, and yields less to really thoughtful perusal than almost any other form of literature. Hence it is properly a compliment to English-speaking readers that bookmen are wondering whether, after all, they might not be interested in something a little more complex. We do not mean to say that the loss of the three-decker was altogether a calamity. Scott himself would doubtless blue-pencil a new edition of his works. But the breaking-down of the curious tradition that swashbuckling, homely rural, or divorce-court fiction, must alike be constructed on plots as elementary as equilateral triangles is encouraging.

NEW SHAPES OF DISEASE.

The interval which always separates the purely intellectual acceptance of a scientific discovery and its real incorporation into the thought of daily life, seems to have been longer than usual in the case of those discoveries which have to do with the transmission of disease. They are immensely valuable, of course. Health authorities apply the new principles successfully in times of threatened epidemics, and laymen know, when they stop to think, what precautions will reduce the likelihood of catching, say, typhoid or pneumonia. Some few sensitively-minded persons do try to reckon continuously and consistently with their bacillus-swarming environment. But no such prophylactic measures have yet become instinctive, like those by which we protect ourselves against even some petty inconveniences. Efforts are being made just now in many parts of the world to rouse the people to righteous wrath against certain of the creatures which science has shown to be persistent carriers of disease. This is a test of how far the new theories have really "sunk in." The task is not merely to fill people with an exterminating rage against some particular four-footed or six-footed species, it is to supplant the whole outfit of prejudices which make us constitutionally less afraid of the bringers of microbes than of more material adversaries not one-tenth as deadly.

One who would estimate accurately the difficulty of the task should make his researches, not in medical annals, but in those of art and letters. We are not speaking now of the belief in pestilence as a divine chastisement, though that has held mankind for ages. Disease has been variously incarnated by the imagination, but always as a figure of terri-

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ble dignity. It was the Wandering Jew who carried the cholera. A cloud passed over the great city, and from it an awful hand was stretched forth to scatter the seeds of destruction.

The angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed,
And the form of the sleeper waxed deadly and chill,
And the heart but once heaved, and forever grew still.

Poe's story of "The Masque of the Red Death" is one of the best specimens of an extensive literature from which generations of readers have unconsciously gained an idea of the semblance of disease:

The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. . . . His vesture was dabbled in *blood*—and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinked with the scarlet horror. . . . A throng of the revellers at once thew themselves into the black apartment, and seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave cerements and corpse-like mask which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

For conceptions like these, fascinating and chastening despite all their horror, science substitutes what? The figures of rats and mice and such small deer.

In India, where over five million persons are believed to have died of the plague since 1896, the transmission of that disease is traced through the rat and the flea to man, and the authorities are planning a slaughter of the rats, in spite of the serious obstacle of the natives' belief that their departed ancestors inhabit those very creatures. In London, a rat-crusade has already been begun, and has the support of such men as Lord Avebury and Sir Harry Johnston. Here in New York a committee of the Merchants' Association has reported that certain diseases in the city regularly increase and decrease with the number of flies in the air, and is insistent that the fly question be recognized for what it is, one of the most serious that confronts any community. The mosquito, of course, has long been proscribed, and important societies, as well as public agencies, are warring against him.

It happens to be true that all of these disease-bearing creatures were already unpopular on other grounds. Germs or no germs, nobody liked rats or mice or flies or mosquitoes. So far as the average man was concerned, a cockroach on the table's rim, a yellow cockroach was to him, and it was nothing more. But that was quite enough to doom the pestiferous insect. On the other hand, if the scientists had found that the butterfly, and not the house fly, was a common carrier of the typhoid bacillus, that the park-dwelling, peanut-fed gray squirrel, and not the rat, disseminated diphtheria, and that the chickadee brought influenza in his beak, we can imagine that their tasks would have been much harder. Possibly some philosophers may be profound enough to find the reason for the very fortunate circumstance that the already unpopular vermin are the ones which in strict justice deserve capital punishment. Perhaps it is merely that the species which have become domesticated to the point of running about through our household arrangements are the only ones which have the chance to carry much infection, and at the same time are the only ones which bother us enough to make us hate them. Perhaps, as some biologists think, our antipathy to vermin is an instinct developed by long warfare. The race that tolerated vermin contracted disease and died off, while the people who fought them survived.

Indubitably, the next few decades will see some remarkable work along the lines here discussed. The house-fly, to find a use for which believers that everything is good in the best of possible worlds have to invent fables about sentries being waked up by impudent flies just in time to repel attacks, has had his day. A little care on the part of a large number of persons would make him a comparatively rare insect. And if to-day the predictions of a ratless, mouseless, flyless world seem fantastic, the sanitarians have in the past fulfilled prophecies which seemed at the time quite as staggering.

JAMES THOMSON ("B. V.").

I.

Twenty years ago, when I chanced upon "The City of Dreadful Night," and for some time after that, I enjoyed the flattering sense of proprietorship in Thomson which comes with discovery. He was in fact almost unknown then, outside of England, where he had his few but enthusiastic admirers, and it has been a matter of curious interest, not without a spark of pardonable jealousy, to observe the slow dissemination of his fame. Popular, indeed, he can never be, but the recent publication of a German monograph on his life and works* shows at least to what extent he has been accepted as a significant member of the literature of the nineteenth century. Such dubious honor at the hands of the *Seminar*, one feels, might have been spared the memory of a poet to whom life itself was a long indignity. And that life had already been told by H. S. Salt well and sympathetically.

*"James Thomson der Jüngere, sein Leben und seine Werke." Dargestellt von Josefine Weissel. Wiener Beiträge zur englischen Philologie, xxiv.—Like the earlier Wiener Beiträge, so far as I am familiar with them, this study possesses some value as a compendious statement of facts, but is otherwise a hodgepodge of stale pedantries. It sometimes seems as if to the German university mind the whole intellectual world between Kant and the Card Catalogue, between metaphysics and mechanism, is non-existent. The inconsiderate printing of doctoral and other perfunctory theses in Germany, and also in America, has grown to be a menace to sound learning. If they have any virtue, it is in dragging into the light of day the absurd theory that original production is the right discipline and the only test of scholarship. And now Thomson has received his crown of thorns at the court of the *Seminar*.

James Thomson—he signed his writings "B. V.," *i. e.*, Bysshe Vanolis, to avoid the name of the older poet and to mark his reverence for Shelley and Novalis—was born at Port Glasgow, November 23, 1834. When he was six years old his father, who was a sailor, came back from a distant voyage a helpless paralytic, living in this state until 1853. The family moved to East London, and from there, at the age of eight, James was admitted to the Royal Caledonian Asylum. At this time his mother died. She was, he says, "mystically inclined with Edward Irving," and "had also a cloud of melancholy overhanging her." Superstition, disease, poverty, and, one suspects, intemperance, must have made the child's home scarcely more desirable than the Asylum. All these dreary things it is necessary to take into account when we pass judgment on Thomson's habits and works. He was, as he says, an "Ishmael in the desert" from his childhood.

From the Caledonian he passed to the Royal Military Asylum at Chelsea, where he studied for a schoolmastership in the army. His first position was that of assistant teacher at the garrison of Ballincollig, about five miles from Cork. Here he came under the care of a kind and intelligent garrison-master, Joseph Barnes, who, with his wife, made a second home for the brilliant young assistant. Here, too, he became acquainted with Charles Bradlaugh, the radical politician and atheist, then a soldier of the regiment, who remained his friend for more than twenty-three years, and who was a strong influence for good and evil in the poet's future life. Perhaps even more important than this acquaintance was his meeting with a fair and frail young girl of fourteen, named Matilda Weller, who was likened by Mrs. Barnes to Eva St. Clair, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a creature of "undulating and aerial grace, such as one might dream of for some mythic and allegorical being. . . . Always dressed in white, she seemed to move like a shadow through all sorts of places without contracting spot or stain." Though but little more than a child at the time—like Hardenberg's Sophie—she was betrothed to Thomson when, after a year and a half at Ballincollig, he returned to the Chelsea Normal School; in another six months he received the news of her death. Years afterward he sent six sonnets, not intended for publication, to Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, and in one of them alluded to this bitter bereavement:

Indeed you set me in a happy place,
  Dear for itself and dearer much for you,
And dearest still for one life-crowning grace—
  Dearest, though infinitely saddest, too;
For there my own Good Angel took my hand,
  And filled my soul with glory of her eyes,
And led me through the love-lit Faërie Land
  Which joins our common world to Paradise.
How soon, how soon, God called her from my side,
  Back to her own celestial sphere of day!
And ever since she ceased to be my Guide,
  I reel and stumble on life's solemn way;
Ah, ever since her eyes withdrew their light,
I wander lost in blackest stormy night.

II.

It is customary, I do not know just why, to sneer rather skeptically at these ideal loves, these Lauras and Beatrices, of the poets, as if they were all as imaginary as the mad Don's Dulcinea. And yet, in the case of such a life as Thomson's, I should suppose it natural that the one gleam of

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perfect youthful happiness might in the first years of bustling ambition be forgotten, and then, when disappointment and despair thickened upon him, should return always at more frequent intervals, and with brighter radiance, gathering to itself all the light of broken hopes and wasted capabilities How often in the nights of troubled sleep and feverish insomnia, for from this evil he suffered terribly, must the memory of that joy have flashed upon him with an intensity as keen as the vision of food to the starving castaway. There was no home with wife and children, for which he longed always with passionate regret, to mitigate his loss, no full and absorbing career.

For a while indeed he was busy enough. After leaving the Chelsea School the second time, being then scarcely twenty years of age, he was enlisted as army schoolmaster, and served at a number of posts, "pumping muddy information into unretentive sieves." In 1862 he was implicated in an offence against camp discipline, and was discharged because he would not give up the name of the actual culprit. He now came to London, where he got a clerkship in a solicitor's office, and began also to write for the magazines. For some time he lodged with Bradlaugh, then engaged in the affairs of the Secular party, and in editing its political organ. His association with that uncompromising radical and free-thinker was, as I have said, a doubtful benefit. It gave him, to be sure, a means of reaching the public when the more regular magazines were closed against him, and for ten or twelve years he contributed to the *National Reformer* his best work, including "The City of Dreadful Night," which appeared in four consecutive issues. That periodical and *Cope's Tobacco Plant* were his chief source of income when his clerkship was given up. But I cannot help feeling that the atmosphere of universal dissent injured the finer qualities of his peculiar mind; above all men he needed the rich, sustaining influence of tradition and human brotherhood to soften the asperity of his individual lot. It is true commonly in poetry as in religion: *multum contrariatur supernæ visitationi falsa libertas animi.* Who can say how much the narrowness of his appeal and the sharp contraction of his pessimism are due to the fostering egotism of this false liberty of mind?

But friends came to him gradually, and even a measure of fame. He corresponded with W. M. Rossetti; while George Eliot, George Meredith, the Brownings, and other choice spirits recognized his genius and wrote to him in language of encouraging flattery. Various engagements were opened to him. In 1872 he was sent to this country by a mining company, and for seven months he stayed among the Rocky Mountains, sending home letters of graphic description and humorous comment. The next year he went to Spain as special correspondent of the New York *World;* but as he contributed only three letters in two months that connection was soon dissolved. His ruinous habit was already gaining on him, and year by year he became less trustworthy and less productive.

Everybody who has heard his name knows what that habit was. His taste for liquor seems to have been inherited, but did not show itself as a dangerous tendency until about 1855, when he was serving in the army. He was not a regular drinker; the thirst came upon him as a periodic disease, but with time the intervals of sobriety grew less and the lapses more terrible, so that his life might be compared with that of a Jekyll-Hyde, in which the demon slowly won the mastery. His last years were the tragedy of a great spirit hunted down and ashamed. There were kind friends who sought him for his brilliant conversation and magnanimity; he had always the more intimate friendship of books; but his life as a whole was, as he noted in his diary, "obscure, dismal, bewildered, and melancholy." The stanzas written on his forty-seventh birthday have the same note of final and irretrievable hopelessness as "The Nameless One" of Clarence Mangan. It is said that his last months were "a slow suicide, perceived and acquiesced in deliberately by himself." Death came to him in 1882, in his forty-eighth year, at the University Hospital.

III.

The literary product of such a life was not likely to be large, or its quality of a kind to attract many readers. In 1895 Bertram Dobell tried the public with a complete edition of his writings; he actually brought out his Poetical Works in two volumes (to supersede the three original issues of 1880, 1881, and 1884), and in the next year a single volume containing the "Biographical and Critical Studies"; but there was no encouragement to proceed with the edition. For the rest, the "Essays and Phantasies" of 1881 can still be bought, though at a somewhat forbidding price, and there are two or three minor publications. It might seem that his prose at least should be popular. As a critic, he is shrewd and original, somewhat over-romantic in his taste, but always judicial in tone; the studies of Ben Jonson are particularly rich and variegated in interest. The miscellaneous essays show a surprising vein of humor and satire, with now and then a flaunting of gorgeous rhetoric which suggests a union of De Quincey and Poe. The probability is that his greater name as a poet of pessimism has deprived him of a good many readers who have been frightened away by that ugly word; in a very literal sense his reputation has become to him *nominis umbra.* And this is quite natural, for it is, after all, by his four pessimistic poems—"In the Room," "Insomnia," "The City of Dreadful Night," and "To Our Ladies of Death"—that he has taken a unique place in literature. Some, I dare say, would reckon "Vane's Story," or "Weddah and Om-El-Bonain," or one of his two Sunday idyls as more notable pieces of writing than "In the Room"; but there is something so singularly characteristic in this poem that it groups itself imperatively with the three acknowledged masterpieces. And in the grave and geometric simplicity of the stanzas; in the naïve complaints of mirror and table and curtain over their master, who, like another Chatterton, lies heedless of everything; in the slow heightening of wonder and mistrust until the old bed in "ponderous bass" speaks out the fatal word:

> "I know what is and what has been;
> Not anything to me comes strange,
> Who in so many years have seen
> And lived through every kind of change.
> I know when men are good or bad,
> When well or ill," he slowly said;
> "When sad or glad, when sane or mad,
> And when they sleep alive or dead."
>
> At this last word of solemn lore
> A tremor circled through the gloom,
> As if a crash upon the floor
> Had jarred and shaken all the room:
> For nearly all the listening things
> Were old and worn, and knew what curse
> Of violent change death often brings,
> From good to bad, from bad to worse:—

in all this tragic-comic inversion of life wherein the man alone acts the dumb part, there is a literary effect which we so commonly hear about, but so rarely feel—a veritable shudder of the nerves. How often must Thomson himself as he sat in his London lodgings, in that rigid tension, perhaps, which preluded a return of dipsomany, have prefigured to himself a day when he too might lie "unconscious of the deep disgrace."

IV.

After "In the Room" the natural transition and contrast is "Insomnia," with its burden of torture that impelled the poet night after night to rove the streets of London. The stanza, more complicated in structure than Thomson generally employed, is handled with notable skill; the language is at once analytic and magnificent; here, as in the "Opium-Eater" of De Quincey, "the fierce chemistry of his dreams burns daily objects into insufferable splendor"; and yet withal the poem, owing to its over-wrought artificiality, or, it may be, to its too visibly pathologic basis, leaves one colder than any of its three companion pieces. Its chief value (thematically, not chronologically) is as a preparation for "The City of Dreadful Night," which is simply the impressions of an insomniac changed from self-complaining to a phantom evocation of the London as he came to know it from his fierce nocturnal vigils —"the City is of Night, but not of Sleep."

In the sharpness of its outlines, in the methodical balance of its members, there is something in this poem that borders on the geometry of delirium. The body of the work is composed of a series of brief cantos in a stanza of seven lines, which, for its perfect fitness to the theme, must be reckoned one of the few remarkable inventions of prosody. The idea of the stanza was taken, as Thomson himself admits, from that of Browning's "Guardian Angel" in the "Dramatic Lyrics," but the changes introduced by Thomson make it completely his own. Browning, to begin with, rhymed the seventh line with the first and third; by shifting this arrangement so as to rhyme together the second, fourth, and seventh, Thomson reduced eccentric formlessness to form, and gave to the three concluding lines the effect of a slow, melancholy refrain. A different use of the metrical pauses also, immediately felt by the reader but not easily described, adds a heavy, brooding quality to the rhythm quite foreign to Browning's impulsive temperament. Alternating with these descriptive cantos is a series of episodes, in which the narrative parts are in a common six-line stanza (a b a b c c), while the confessions, so to speak, of the *dramatis personæ* vary in metrical form according to their mood. The whole poem is like the phantasmagoria of a fever subdued to mathematical re-

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straint, or the clamor of mad grief trained into remorseless logic. In the concluding vision of the "Melencolia" of Albert Dürer, seated aloof as queen of that people and symbol of their fate, the union of these qualities rises into the very enthusiasm and sublime of resignation:

. . . The sense that every struggle brings defeat
Because Fate holds no prize to crown success;
That all the oracles are dumb or cheat
Because they have no secret to express;
That none can pierce the vast black veil uncertain
Because there is no light beyond the curtain;
That all is vanity and nothingness.

Titanic from her high throne in the north,
That City's sombre Patroness and Queen,
In bronze sublimity she gazes forth
Over her capital of teen and threne,
Over the river with its isles and bridges,
The marsh and moorland, to the stern rock-ridges,
Confronting them with a coëval mien.

The moving moon and stars from east to west
Circle before her in the sea of air;
Shadows and gleams glide round her solemn rest.
Her subjects often gaze up to her there:
The strong to drink new strength of iron endurance,
The weak new terrors; all, renewed assurance
And confirmation of the old despair.

No one knew better than Thomson himself that this is not the city of all the world; indeed, the very sting of his grief is the feeling of isolation from the common lot. Few men tread those streets of denial and gloom habitually, but many have been there at one time of their lives and carry with them always, somewhere hidden from view, the badge of citizenship in that "sad Fraternity." To these, as well as to the few like-fated with the poet, his words will have a fateful meaning.

V.

The sequel to "The City of Dreadful Night" is the poem "To Our Ladies of Death," written in the same seven-line stanza. The only change is the substitution of a single for a double rhyme in the couplet, reducing the lyrical clangor of the rhythm to a more contemplative calm. The idea was suggested, as Thomson records, by "the sublime sisterhood of Our Ladies of Sorrow, in the 'Suspiria de Profundis' of De Quincey"; but for the three Sorrows we now have the three conceptions of Death —Our Lady of Beatitudes, the gracious mother, on whom the broken and hopeless dare not call; Our Lady of Annihilation, who awaits with her scourge "the selfish fatuous, proud, and pitiless; and, last, Our Lady of Oblivion, who gathers to her breast "the weak, the weary, and the desolate," and to whom the wanderer in the City of Night makes his plea:

Take me, and lull me into perfect sleep;
Down, down, far-hidden in thy duskiest cave;
While all the clamorous years above me sweep
Unheard, or, like the voice of seas that rave
On far-off coasts, but murmuring o'er my trance,
A dim vast monotone, that shall enhance
The restful rapture of the inviolate grave.

And so the cycle is made complete—from the sordid tragedy of the poet's room, through the terrible unforgetfulness of insomnia, to the conception of all life as a City of Night, and the despairing cry for the consummation of oblivion. Together the four poems present a rounded philosophy of pessimism, which stands quite alone in English literature, and which has, I believe, no precise equivalent in any language.

VI.

Pessimism is a word of many ambiguities, and needs defining. It is commonly applied to the Hindus, who in their better days were the least pessimistic of all peoples. To both Brahmin and Buddhist the representation of life as made up wholly of sorrow and mutability was but the foil to infinite exultant faith; the shadow of the earth was all black because the light of the spirit was so transcendentally pure.* That name might seem to belong more properly to the Greeks, whose philosophy of life, when it came to conscious expression, was summed up in the maxim of the plodding, common-place Theognis: "Not to be born is the best of all things for creatures of this world, nor to behold the beams of the bright sun; after birth the best is to pass as speedily as possible through the gates of death and to lie shrouded in much earth." Yet no one thinks of calling the Greeks pessimistic; their health was too bountiful, the impulse to live and enjoy was too strong. Pessimism is always individual, and not national, and comes when self-consciousness, unbalanced by spiritual insight, is developed at the expense of irrational instinct. The great exemplar of that inverted faith in antiquity was the Roman Lucretius—mad, perhaps by the administration of a love-potion, mad certainly at the thought of the human soul caught up into the dizzy whirl of atoms falling together into fortuitous worlds and again drifting into wild chaos:

For it seem'd
A void was made in Nature; all her bonds
Crack'd; and I saw the flaring atom-streams
And torrents of her myriad universe,
Ruining along the illimitable inane,
Fly on to clash together again, and make
Another and another frame of things
For ever; that was mine, my dream, I knew it.

That was the dream to which the science of his day had brought him, and it is the dream to which the purely scientific interpretation of life must then and always bring any mind that has developed to self-consciousness. It is, more particularly, the pessimism that lurks, unawakened or stunned by multifarious noise, in the background of our present eager civilization. In Lucretius that vision was accompanied with a passionate desire for the rest of perfect oblivion, and with a more passionate protest against a religion which would make the gods responsible for this jolting mechanism and capable also of prolonging man's life beyond the grave to be ground forever in these unresting wheels:

O genus infelix humanum, talia divis
Cum tribuit facta atque iras adiunxit acerbas!
Quantos tum gemitus ipsi tibi, quantaque nobis
Volnera, quas lacrimas peperere minoribu' nostris!

The successor to Lucretius in modern times is another Italian, Leopardi, in whose firmly-moulded periods and chastened passion something of the great form and spirit of the Romans seems to have survived. And the charge of Leopardi, if we omit the more personal tone of Christian times, is the same as that of Lucretius: bewilderment at the meaningless and unresting motion of all celestial and earthly things, with longing for the peace, if not the beatitude, of death.

VII.

It does not appear that Thomson was specially versed in Lucretius, whereas Leopardi was the acknowledged master to whom his "City of Dreadful Night" was dedicated; yet in some ways he is nearer in tone to the old Roman than to the modern Italian. More than one of Thomson's stanzas, with its bitter denial of a God who could spin for his pleasure all these follies of creation, or with its horror of a living eternity, rings like an echo of the *Tantum religio*. And there is the same *furor poeticus* in his vision of infinite motion. Read the first of his prose "Phantasies," in which the Shadow of Sorrow leads him at night into the thoroughfares of London:

The continuous thunders, swelling, subsiding, resurgent, the innumerable processions, confound and overwhelm my spirit, until as of old I cannot believe myself walking awake in a substantial city amongst real persons. . . . As my eyes fix and dilate into vision more entranced of the supreme and awful mystery, the browbrain upon my eyes expands and protends into a vast shadowy theatre for processions more multitudinous and solemn. The lamps withdraw and ascend, and become wayward meteors of the night; the night itself grows very dark, yet wherever I gaze I can discern, seeing by darkness as commonly we see by light; the houses recede and swell into black rock-walls and shapeless mounds of gloom; the long street is a broad road levelled forthright from world's end to world's end. All of human kind that have ever lived, with all that are now living and all that are being born into life, all the members of the æon of humanity, compose the solemn procession. . . .

This resolution of the seemingly stable world into an endless chain of spectral forms may be the vision of disease; its realism is no doubt the beginning of delirium; yet at bottom what is it more than the prospect of universal permutation that swam before the gaze of the ancient Epicurean? What is it more than the poetic imagination stung to frenzy by the scientific conception of universal motion? Or in what does it differ from the vast processions that thronged before the eye of Walt Whitman and that, but for his exuberant animalism, would have troubled our optimist with the same repulsion of fear? This is the ground which pessimism seeks always for its building.

Yet I would not imply that Thomson is in all respects akin to Lucretius, any more than I would equal him in renown to that mighty poet. The magnificent audacity is not here, the Roman courage to deny defeat, the supreme confidence in the human will to lay violent hold upon happiness if once the benumbing chains of superstition were broken. Nor must he be confounded with Leopardi. He lacks the intense patriotism which taught the Italian to sink his personal grievance against Fate in indignation over the long miseries of his people; above all, he lacks that deeper insight which once or twice lifts Leopardi out of pessimism into mystic self-surrender. There may be here and there something like acquiescence in his thought of resolution after death into the forces of creative Nature; but there is in all his works nothing that corresponds to Leopardi's brief and perfect rhapsody, "L'Infinito," with its haunting conclusion:

E il naufragar m' è dolce in questo mare.

One is never quite permitted to escape the narrower, personal outlook in Thomson, or

*Schopenhauer reproduced the darker side of Buddhism, but not the spiritual joy. He thus changed it to pessimism.

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to forget that only his peculiar disabilities prevented him from concealing his philosophy in the common cares and sympathies of mankind. P. E. M.

Correspondence.

DE QUINCEY AND "THE STRANGER'S GRAVE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The late Mortimer Collins, writing in *Belgravia* for October, 1870, has a reference to De Quincey, which has perhaps not received the attention it deserves.

Wetheral is on the banks of the glorious river Eden, the swift and sparkling stream which tradition declares King Arthur's father strove vainly to turn from its course, and on whose banks is the haunted hall where fairies in forgotten days left a mystic goblet with magical powers. De Quincey was there for a while and wrote a weird, wild story, "The Stranger's Grave," which is not to be found in his collected works.

Mortimer Collins was at Wetheral in 1858, and his statement no doubt reflects the local tradition, which is that Thomas De Quincey visited a brother resident at Wetheral and while there wrote the novel. Inquiries set on foot nine years ago did not yield anything more decisive. Mr. C. J. Longman, at my request, very obligingly examined the books of his firm, but without result. It is entered in the ledger anonymously and although various copies are recorded as having been sent to "the author," there is no name or address. An opportunity of reading the story occurred to me this year, and I give the result.

The Stranger's Grave. I could a tale unfold whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul.—Hamlet. London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown and Green. Paternoster Row, 1823. 12°, pp. vii., 306.

The story is of a young man who, originally intended for the church, has changed to the army. Returning home after some service, he finds there Emily Gordon, a girl who, though his niece, is not a child, but a young woman of strong feeling. Some slight flirtation he has had with Sarah Franklin, but her image is effaced by the charms of Emily. In a boating excursion the boat is overturned, and, while Edward is rescuing Sarah, he sees Emily in danger. He saves her, but Sarah is drowned. This draws the two closer, and in the end he seduces her. Edward hears later from Emily that she is likely to be a mother, and is on the verge of suicide, when a brother soldier suggests that he run away with Emily to Spain and there marry her. The erring couple get clear from England, but in Spain he falls into poverty, and at the time of Emily's confinement is attacked by the jealous Spanish porters in whose work he has become a rival. In the scrimmage he knocks one of them into the water, is arrested, and sentenced to be flogged and placed in the stocks. When released, he finds Emily dead in bed, with a dead babe by her side. For a year he is a maniac. On regaining his reason, he is persuaded to return to England, and, on reaching his father's rectory, hears the bell tolling for the funeral of his mother, who had lost her reason through the incident of the elopement. Accompanied by his faithful dog, he goes to Wetheral, in Cumberland, and, dying there, leaves the rector a manuscript containing this story, and desires that on his tomb there may be only the words "The Stranger's Grave."

Such in mere outline is the story of "The Stranger's Grave." It does not suggest any strong characteristic of De Quincey's style; and, while not badly written, has no great distinction, but it must be remembered that narrative is not the form of literature in which De Quincey's most striking peculiarities would be apparent. Then, too, in a letter addressed to Hessey, undated, but apparently written in 1823, he refers to money received at the close of 1821 "for the novel." Can this be "The Stranger's Grave"? Was it transferred by Taylor & Hessey to Longmans for some business reason now unknown? If not "The Stranger's Grave," what was "the novel" for which De Quincey was paid at the end of 1821?

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Southport, England, December 2.

ENGLISH AT THE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I venture to add to the discussion carried on in recent letters to the *Nation*, concerning college instruction in English, a word that may lend some aid and comfort to those who, like Miss Agnes P. Perkins of Wellesley (in a letter in the *Nation* of October 24), look for relief to a more reasonable examination at entrance to college, and to coöperation among the departments in college? In both respects the experience of the Institute of Technology is interesting and may be briefly related.

In examinations based upon the required list of books for reading and study we used frequently to find candidates deficient in particular information, but evidently capable of generally efficient English expression. Such candidates we accepted by a rather elastic application of the tests which the examination provided. Included in these tests was always one "composition" question in no way connected with the required books, aimed solely to discover the candidate's capacity for written expression. Excellence in the "composition" question was alone almost enough to secure acceptance; and evidence of some literary appreciation, even despite ignorance of particular books or authors, was held more acceptable than unappreciative literary learning. Schools which desired to were invited to submit any list of books preferable, in their opinion, to that of the committee on uniform requirements, and the Institute agreed to provide for any acceptable list an appropriate examination. A large Boston public school which sends many pupils to Technology had such special examinations for several years. In 1906 the requirement as phrased in the catalogue was readjusted to these conditions. On the new examinations the "composition" question was retained. The portion of the paper concerned with literature was not directed at any list of books. The Institute did not feel concerned to know what particular work a candidate had done in school or how well he had done it; such a test would properly be the purpose of the final examination in the school. The Institute examination looked forward and was concerned to determine whether or no the candidate had—by whatever training—attained a degree of mental cultivation which would enable him to perform the Institute work with profit. The committee's list of books was therefore declared no longer required, though presumably adequate for the development of such literary aptitude as we should expect. The literary part of the examinations has, in consequence, to be general; and the question is usually the requirement of comment—the character of which is more or less specified by the form of the question—upon an extract, printed on the examination paper, with which the candidate is assumed not to be previously acquainted. Though such a test seems vague, it has so far proved possible to prepare papers sufficiently exacting.

In the matter of coöperation the Institute is perhaps unusually fortunate. The ideal of the Institute is a combination of cultural and engineering training. It is neither a school for master mechanics nor a school only of graduate scientific study; *i. e.*, it neither ignores nor requires as prerequisite a liberal training, but aims to combine that with technical training. Probably on this account an unusual degree of coöperation has been possible in English work. In the first two years, during which English is a prescribed study, the department reaches all the students and is less dependent on coöperation; yet in both these years regular arrangement with the department of modern languages has provided for the criticism by English instructors of translations written for classes in French or German. Similarly, the English department provides exercises in note-taking to assist the student not only in his general but also in his scientific studies. In the last two years of the course, when English is no longer prescribed, the department is enabled still to continue training by criticism of written work prepared by students for other departments—including in recent years those of physics, architecture, electrical engineering, and mining engineering. The mining memoirs are abstracts and translations from technical magazine articles in French or German; the electrical reports, based on personal inspection of some plant, are such as an expert engineer would make in actual practice; and the papers from the department of physics are reports of original investigation and discussions of problems in physical science. In most cases the student reads and discusses his work with an English instructor, and may be required, for deficiency in English expression, to rewrite his work. I happen at the moment of writing to be at work on a sheet of rules for abbreviations and compound words, prepared with the help of the electrical department, for the use of such reports; and a professor of the English department is to have, from the time of the electrical engineering students, an hour to discuss the preparation of these reports. Besides these regular arrangements, covering the four years of the course, a special section is maintained by the English department, to which any student may be assigned by any instructor in any department, wherein written work is required, until he

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shows that he has attained or recovered adequate capacity of written expression. Most commonly, of course, it is the English department that detects deficiency in an upper class man and requires of him work in this special section; but members of other departments may and do send to it students who in technical work show deficiency in English training.

Such coöperative arrangement is, of course, human, and works with some friction. There is difficulty in the mere matter of adjusting the hours of different departments. The English department is, too, almost absolutely dependent on the willingness of other departments to recognize the importance of such coöperation. It is an enormous help, however, that instructors in other departments should assume before their students that English is not a rather ornamental and very special department of erudition, but an indispensable tool of all business relations with men.

HENRY LATIMER SEAVER.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, December 3.

THE ATTITUDE OF AMERICAN PRODUCERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editorial article in the *Nation* of December 12 on "What Ails American Shipping?" is right—fundamentally right—in stating that the "deeper reason for our loss of prestige on the sea must be sought in the new mental attitude of the American people." This change in our mental attitude is to be seen in all directions of our industrial conditions; in the lessening efficiency of wage-earners, in the methods of our leaders of corporation finance, in the ambitions of the younger generation of Americans, as well as in the loss of our inventive power and of enterprise and courage in our shipping.

But is there not something behind this new "mental attitude"? What has produced it? Mental attitudes when on a national scale must proceed from some general cause, and paternalism can hardly serve as an adequate explanation. Japan and Germany have made extraordinary strides in industrial efficiency and in shipping, yet government assistance and supervision are far more extensive in those countries than in our own. There must always be some government regulation and assistance. Our choice apparently is not between government and no government, but between bad government and good government. Japan, which is making great headway in every direction of industrial enterprise, furnishes a notable example of what many critics might denounce as paternalism.

Is it not true that the *Nation's* editorial article is rather an indictment of our political efficiency, and particularly of our administrative capacity? Institutions make men, quite as much as men make institutions. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the United States had a Federal bank—a paternal institution—and yet our shipping was never more flourishing. Today, we are living under a most exaggerated protective system and a shipping law as antiquated as the feudal system. These are great handicaps, but they are hardly sufficient to account for a general decline in American shipping, and more particularly in American industry and inventiveness. My own impression is that the deeper cause is owing to the fact that the door of opportunity is closing to enterprise. The old fashioned virtues of thrift, perseverance and industry have no longer the reward that they once had. It is not so much the specific acts of the government that have brought about this change, as the inability of the government properly to administer the duties that belong to it. Sins of omission have done more injury than sins of commission. Even if certain laws were repealed there would not be left a fair field and no favor. The field has already been occupied and the government seems powerless to remove the intruders and to keep them within bounds.

Formerly our corporations and private industrial establishments, including employers and employees, had their minds mainly on the productive process. They were interested in the rewards of industry. At present, however, some of our most prominent captains of industry have their minds, not upon productive processes, but upon profits gained by combinations and manipulation. At least, the industrial element is a minor consideration. Unearned gains seem to be the greatest ambition of the ambitiously inclined. The result is a sort of hypnotic effect upon all classes of people. Industry and thrift are old-fashioned virtues more honored in the breach than in the observance. But our real enthusiasm is reserved for a more modern species of enterprise of which the most important item is restriction rather than increase of output. This attitude of mind toward the acquisition of wealth is probably the real cause of our diminishing industrial efficiency. The average man is looking for some speculative or unearned gain. He hopes for some lucky turn of the market in his favor by which he will be relieved of the burden of work. D.

Cambridge, Mass., December 19.

Notes.

The index for the current volume of the *Nation*, July-December, 1907, will be printed with the issue of January 2, 1907.

The C. M. Clark Publishing Company will soon have ready the first volume, "Theodosia: the First Gentlewoman of Her Time," of a ten-volume historical study of "The Great Triumvirate: Jefferson—Hamilton—Aaron Burr," by Charles Felton Pidgin.

Dr. G. W. Prothero is giving up the editorship of the *Quarterly* and will be succeeded by J. C. Bailey. The new editor is, like his predecessor, interested primarily in literature, and the *Quarterly* will no doubt maintain its high standard in that field.

The Hon. A. S. G. Canning's "British Writers on Classic Lands" (New York: A. Wessels Co.) completely fails to meet the expectations aroused by its title. Here was an opening for a really useful book, from which the general reader might gather the main results of the travels and studies of such men as Rawlinson, Layard, Grote, Flinders Petrie, and Evans. Only the first two of these are so much as mentioned, and receive scant attention, while the reader is offered instead an incoherent discussion of Pope, Macaulay, Gladstone, Milton, Shakespeare, and, not least surprising, Dickens! Mr. Canning's real interest seems to lie in the history of the Jews, to whose peculiar destiny he constantly recurs. He devotes sixty pages, about one-fourth of the book, to a rambling discussion of Milton's description of the temptation of Christ, as though Milton's fine rhetoric about Rome and Athens justified one in calling him a writer on classic lands. The style of the book is loose to exasperation, and often ungrammatical, and there is no evidence whatever of sound scholarship. In the footnotes the reader is referred, for all classical allusions, to Lemprière. "Priam, The last king of Troy, Lemprière," or "Plutarch, A Greek of eminent virtue, Lemprière," are fair examples. Mr. Canning regularly writes Mecoenas for Mæcenas, the patron of Virgil and Horace.

"The South Americans: The Story of the South American Republics, their Characteristics, Progress and Tendencies, with Special Reference to their Commercial Relations with the United States," by Albert Hale (Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.), is a work that has many of the characteristics of a guide-book, and should have been entitled "A Guide-Book Through South America, with some Historical Notes for Travellers." As such, it will serve a useful purpose, and at the same time impress the idea that such travel is not accompanied by any serious hardship; in fact, in most cases is more agreeable than travel through the Southern States of our own country. As long as Mr. Hale confines himself to the details of travel his work is not only helpful, but interesting. Unfortunately, he felt called upon to enter the field of broad philosophical analysis. It is necessary to cite but one instance, in which the author endeavors to explain the moral difference between Latin-America and the United States. On page 6 he says:

> On one point our inheritance of revolt from the Roman Catholic Church has made us superior to them. We, as a people, have what we style a New England conscience, or what with more dignity should be called a moral sense; this is eminently self-sustaining in all our struggles for improvement and reform. A moral sense has never been more than feebly developed in South America, and where it makes itself felt it has become a force artistic or ethical rather than religious or moral.

To attempt thus to explain so complex a situation is to beg the question rather than to answer it. Then again, in his treatment of the Monroe Doctrine, the author advocates, pp. 351 and 352, a formulation of the Monroe Doctrine which would enable European countries to occupy South American territory, and would involve us in endless complications. These flights into philosophical generalization do not, however, diminish the value of the book as a safe guide to travel in Brazil, Uruguay, the Argentine, and Venezuela.

To the already long list of German writers on Iceland there has been added a new name with the publication of "Island in Vergangenheit und Gegenwart" (Leipzig: W. Engelmann. 2 vols.), by Paul Herrmann, professor in the gymnasium at Torgau, Prussia, and a well-known writer on Scandinavian and Germanic mythology. Professor Herrmann travelled in Iceland

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in the summer of 1904 with the mission of the Prussian government. His book is comprehensive. The first volume contains chapters on physical geography, history, government, education, sanitary condition, industry, trade, farming, fisheries, and the dwellings, interspersed with the author's own experiences and observations in the capital and its neighborhood; the second volume is essentially an account of Professor Herrmann's travels in the country, starting from Reykjavik through the southern and eastern districts to Akureyri on the north coast, a route seldom taken by foreign travellers. But it is by no means an ordinary narrative of travel, it is full of information about the life of the people and natural phenomena, containing many references to the ancient and modern literature of Iceland, especially to the sagas. He is particular about his sources, shows good judgment, and writes in an easy and entertaining manner. As a whole, the book, which is adorned with many good photographs, is both readable and reliable. One cannot help regretting that there is not in English such a work, to which one might turn for trustworthy information about modern Iceland, in spite of the fact that books of travels in Iceland are more numerous in English than in any other language.

To the investigations of the literary problems in connection with the Pentateuch Prof. A. Klostermann, of the University of Kiel, contributes "Der Pentateuch, Beiträge zu seinem Verständnis und seiner Entstehungsgeschichte, Neue Folge" (Leipzig: A. Diechert, 583 pages, 10 marks). Klostermann has for nearly two decades made a specialty of the literary analysis of the Pentateuch; and, as appeared from his "Pentateuch," 1893, his attacks are directed chiefly against the current Wellhausen theories, although he cannot be for this reason regarded as a defender of the Mosaic authorship. In general his tendency is conservative. A special feature of his work of historical parallels to the evolution of the Pentateuchal codes; as, *e. g.*, between the Deuteronomic legislation and the Icelandic, and between the reformation under King Josiah and the rediscovery of the law books of Numa. In general, the strongest part of Klostermann's work is his handling of Deuteronomy.

Another work of conservative scholarship is the "Geschichte Israels bis auf Alexander den Grossen," by Prof. S. Oettli, of the University of Greifswald (Calw und Stuttgart: Vereinsbuchhandlung, 6 marks). This volume deals with the history of Israel's development on the basis of the current literary analysis of the sources. In a modified form Oettli advocates the Erlangen conception, particularly as voiced by Von Hofmann, author of "Weissagung und Erfüllung," according to which the Old Testament is substantially a history of redemption.

The house of A. Deichert of Leipzig announces as forthcoming early in the new year a commentary on John by Prof. Theodor Zahn of the University of Erlangen, leader among the conservative German students of New Testament literature and the history of the New Testament canon. In this Kommentar zum Neuen Testament the following volumes have appeared: Matthew, by Zahn; I and II. Thessalonians, by G. Wohlenberg; Ephesians, Colossians and Philemon, by Prof. P. Ewald; I. Corinthians, by Dr. Bachmann; Galatians, by Zahn; The Pastoral Epistles by Wohlenberg.

An interesting example of the manner in which modern research is contributing to Biblical investigation a mass of material hitherto scarcely regarded as sources for knowledge of the Bible is found in the new work of Dr. Oskar Dähnhardt, of which vol. I. has just been issued by the house of B. G. Teubner of Leipzig and Berlin, under the title, "Natursagen: Eine Sammlung naturdeutender Sagen, Märchen, Fabeln und Legenden"; and this present volume is specially devoted to "Sagen zum Alten Testament." The author, who, as is seen by such books as his "Naturgeschichtliche Volksmärchen" and "Deutsches Märchenbuch," is a veteran student of folklore; and in this publication, he has, with the assistance of a score or more of helpers, of whom fifteen are mentioned on the title page, ransacked the sayings and stories of all peoples for materials illustrative or explanatory of the Old Testament. As a rule he has merely placed the material clearly before his readers, leaving it to the latter to determine the value and worth of these data. The mass of detail, however, here collected is very striking, although the whole of the Old Testament could not be covered. He has dealt only with those portions in regard to which other nations have a more or less significant folklore, such as the creation of the world and of man, demonology, the Fall, the Deluge, fallen angels, and prominent characters, like Abraham, Joseph, Moses, and David. Three other volumes are to complete the work: Vol. II., entitled "Sagen zum Neuen Testament," promised within the next few months; and vols. III. and IV., "Tier-und Pfinzensagen." Still other volumes, "Sagen von Himmel und Erde," "Sagen vom Menschen," together with a critical examination of "Wesen, Werden und Wandern der Natursagen" are projected.

Giovanni Rosadi, advocate, deputy, critic, playwright, lover of all the arts, is surely one of the most versatile and genial figures in Europe to-day. His monograph on the "Trial of Jesus" made his Italian fame international. Now he comes forward with a book on criminology, under the Dantesque title "Tra la Perduta Gente" (Florence: Bemporad). When we say criminology, we do so for the sake of brevity only. Rosadi's book does not lack philosophy, and we can imagine its portraits of typical offenders against society being cited before grave congresses, but in the main the intention is literary. Like Hutchins Hapgood, and the late Josiah Flynt Willard, he is especially concerned to show us what manner of men these murderers, thieves, and forgers are, how they feel and think, what class morals they profess. Incidentally, if we are wise, we may speculate on how the lost folk should be treated. In a manner the book is a human reduction to the absurd of the old view of corrective or vindictive punishment. Signor Rosadi believes that we may hardly hope to reform or even deter the criminal as such. Hope lies rather in some form of universal moral education, the nature of which remains unhappily quite undefined. The studies are eloquent throughout, and only rarely is the author betrayed by the luridness of his theme into a rhetoric too exuberant for non-Latin readers. Orators, writers, æsthetes, philosophers, dilettanti, fugitives, elegists, are some of the titles of the chapters, and the text usually makes good the apparent paradox of the caption. The work is uneven, but at its best, as in that terrible chapter on the asylum for the criminal insane at Montelupo, admirable. Everywhere one feels the weakness of the existing penology. Italy, for example, has reaped much credit in certain quarters for abolishing the death penalty, but how shall we regard this boon to homicides, when Signor Rosadi assures us solemnly that every corpse that comes from an Italian prison to the dissecting table should be examined, as if the cause of death were suspicious. Taken broadly, these studies make against all unitary and merely physical theories of the cause of crime. They mark a reaction against the Italian school which regards the criminal as merely malformed. Signor Rosadi shows us how complicated, at times, how logical and inevitable, are the motives that lead to crime. The remedy, then, is not the segregation of or extinction of a bad physical type, but such moral training as shall reach all young people, and especially those neglected children from whom professional crime draws most of its recruits.

Prof. Theodor Aufrecht of Bonn, whose death was noticed in the *Nation* of April 25, p. 386, has left a library which is especially rich in works on Sanskrit and Indic philology. A rough catalogue of perhaps 2,200 numbers has been issued, and may be had of Prof. Hermann Jacobi, No. 59 Niebuhr-strasse, Bonn. While it is not advisable for a great library to buy such a collection as this *en bloc*, on account of the embarrassingly large number of duplicates, Aufrecht's books present for a small library an opportunity not lightly to be dismissed. Inquiries may be addressed to Prof. Charles R. Lanman of Harvard University.

The fifth report of the Committee of Management of the Advanced Historical Teaching Fund, University of London, notes that forty students attended the course, five of them graduates of American universities.

The progress of college libraries of the United States in fifty years is very striking. The subject is treated in the *Library Journal* by W. N. Carlton, librarian of Trinity College, who tells us that at the middle of the last century there were but two colleges in the United States, Harvard and Yale, which had 50,000 volumes. Such typical New England colleges as Amherst, Dartmouth, Colby, Middlebury, University of Vermont, Wesleyan, and Williams, had less than 7,500 each. The Columbia College library, the largest in New York, had 12,240; Hamilton, Colgate, and the New York University, had less than 5,000 each; Princeton had 9,000; the University of Pennsylvania 5,000; while seven other Pennsylvania colleges had an average of 2,839 each. Altogether, the 126 college libraries at that time in the United States possessed 586,917 volumes, 155,000 less than are now collected in the Harvard Library alone. Annual incomes for library purposes

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were as pitiful as the book collections. For some of the leading colleges, the library incomes were as follows: Harvard, $450; Bowdoin, $200; Princeton, $400; Amherst, $300; Williams, $200; Union, $100; Columbia, $200. Only two college libraries had endowments, those of Yale and Brown, which were $27,000 and $25,000, respectively. Even more significant as showing the small esteem in which the library was held, are the rules for use by students. The following are typical: At Amherst the library was open to students but once a week, and no student was at liberty to take a book from the shelves without special permission. At Yale, freshmen and sophomores were entirely excluded.

Plans for the new State education building at Albany, to house the State Library and the Education Department, are now complete, and work on the foundation has already begun. Pictures and floor plans of the building, together with a brief description of its architectural features, will be published in the January number of *New York Libraries*. The building will have a length of 590 feet and an extreme depth of 285 feet. The first floor is to be occupied chiefly by offices of the Education Department, while the second and third floors are to be given up to the State Library and its various departments. The general reading room is 128 feet long by 107 feet wide, and in design is an adaptation of the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. The main stack, designed to accommodate 2,000,000 volumes, is seven stories high. Apart from the main stack, there will be auxiliary stacks for the special collections in law, medicine, legislative reference, and technology, having a capacity of 360,000 volumes. In addition to the stacks, there will be sufficient shelving to bring the total book capacity of the new building to 3,000,000 volumes. On the third floor sufficient space has been reserved for the library school to enable it to accommodate about twice the number of pupils it has hitherto been able to receive. The estimated cost of the building, when completed, is $4,000,000.

The Prix Goncourt, of 5,000 francs, has fallen this year to Émile Moselly (Émile Chénin in real life), a professor at Orleans, and author of "L'Aube fraternelle" and "Jean des brebis ou le livre de la misère."

Charles M. Skinner of the editorial staff of the Brooklyn *Eagle* died December 21. He was born in Victor, Ontario County, N. Y., in 1852. For twenty-two years he had been on the *Eagle*, part of the time as critic of music and art. In addition to his newspaper work, Mr. Skinner wrote a number of books concerning American folklore, in which he was especially interested. The titles of his works on this subject are "Myths and Legends of Our Own Land," "Myths and Legends Beyond Our Borders," "Myths and Legends of Our New Possessions," "American Myths and Legends." He was also author of several nature books, among them: "Nature in a City Yard," "With Feet to the Earth," "Do-Nothing Days," "Flowers in the Pave," "Little Gardens." Mr. Skinner wrote a play, "Villon, the Vagabond," and adapted Richepin's "Le Chemineau," both of which dramas were played by his brother, Otis Skinner.

Prof. Richard Boeckh, director of the Statistical Department of the city of Berlin and professor of statistics at the university, has just died at the age of eighty-three.

RECENT VERSE.

The Lotus of the Nile. By Arthur Wentworth Eaton. New York: Thomas Whittaker. $1.

In Grasmere Vale. By James A. Mackereth. London: David Nutt.

Gypsy Verses. By Helen Hay Whitney. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.25.

Youth. By J. H. Wallis. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.

Hathor. By Stanly Coghill. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $.75.

Selected Poems. By E. R. Taylor. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $2.

Through Painted Panes. By Louis Alexander Robertson. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.50.

Said the Rose and Other Lyrics. By George Henry Miles. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1 net.

Lincolnshire Rhymes. By Mabel Peacock. Louth: J. W. Goulding & Son.

The Fire Divine. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: The Century Co. $1 net.

New Poems. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

Under the Laurel. By Frederic Crowninshield. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

There are some tones that are less heard in poetry to-day than a generation ago. The note of recollection—the note of Wordsworth and "Tintern Abbey"—is less frequent. And so is the note of illusion, at its best one of the highest and purest in English poetry:

> We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

You may search a dozen volumes of current verse and catch hardly an echo of them. Occasionally, as in Dr. Eaton's "Lotus of the Nile," you will find a poem or two composed in the old familiar meditative key:

> I never caught so clear the master note
> From old monastic centuries, days remote
> In thought and speech, most in religious mood,
> As when a lonely traveller I stood
> Amidst the ruins England loves so well,
> Her Fountains Abbey in the Vale of Skell.

Or perhaps in the case of one who has been drawn to Wordsworth or some of the elder poets particularly and has caught their tune unconsciously, the same note will recur, though less distinctly, as in Mr. Mackereth's "Grasmere Vale":

> Rest, Poet, in thy simple grave:
> The tangled hum of Sabbath bells
> Throbs round thee, and the winsome wave
> Comes from the genial fells.
>
> Pride folds the fallen dust of kings:
> Sleep, Poet, with the sons of toil,
> 'Mid sanctity of homely things,
> Sealed in God's scented soil.

Still more rarely the perception of human vanity and earthly insecurity makes itself heard again, but faint and changed, with a new undertone of bitterness and regret very different from the old serenity and restraint. Mrs. Whitney's "Gypsy Verses," for all their rollicking associations, are athrob with it. Low and subdued at times, again hauntingly reminiscent of Villon, as in the "Old Women" and "Dead Ladies," this sentiment of the final bankruptcy of sense and weariness of spirit breaks out shrill and penetrating and unmistakable in the sonnet on "Age":

> Blindness, and women sailing on white seas,
> Seas where no placid sails have ever been.
> Dreams like wan demons on waste marshes seen
> Through dulling fevered eyes. The dregs and lees
> Of wine long spilt to dead divinities.
> Gray, empty days when Spring is never green,
> Can the heart answer what these riddles mean—
> Can the life hold such hopelessness as these?
>
> Love lying low in the long pleasant grass,
> Youth with his eager face against the sun,
> They may not guess the hours when these shall pass,
>
> In what drear coin such lovely dreams are paid,
> At what grim cost their flowery days are won,
> When man is old and lonely and afraid.

For the rest there is confusion of voices. With a reluctance to accept the canons and conventions of the past, there is joined an inability to secure a perspective capable of harmonizing in one consistent vision the distracting seethe of modern ideas and aspirations with which the poets' minds are rife. Now and then, to be sure, some one succeeds in casting a kind of transitory and factitious glamour about these troubled and incongruous elements. At this kind of thing, Mr. Wallis is exceptionally clever in his volume "Youth." Cheerfully and even complacently acquiescent with the new ideals, a materialist apparently, a worshipper of strength and success, an admirer of what is big and red and loud, an echoer in some sort of Swinburne and Kipling, he knows how to turn his impressions to good account in a series of poems, of which these verses from his "New America" will give the keynote:

> What were the ancient great that blazed
> In colored pomp that flamed like the sun
> To this where liberty hath raised
> A hundred nations into one?
>
> How would their gods of battle class
> With thine? Thine iron ships would glide
> Through triremes as through broken glass,
> Thy guns would soil the phalanx' pride.
>
> The treasures that the Great King lost
> At Susa or Persepolis
> Were baubles to the giant cost
> That makes one city what it is.

These things make striking verse, no doubt, though they fail to read the riddle or hush the cry of perplexity or protest that rises occasionally from amid the general satisfaction and complacency.

It is another, more vexatious spirit which animates the lines of Stanly Coghill's "Hathor":

> Out of the depths I cry,
> Gods who fashioned me,
> Out of the earth and sky
> And rush and roar of the sea;
>
> Gods who fashioned me
> Where the waters flow and croon,
> What bitter jest filled the heart of ye
> As ye laughed 'neath the scornful moon?
>
> Say, was there never nigh
> A higher God than ye?
> Why did you work 'neath the midnight sky
> On the night ye fashioned me?

The writer of these remarkable lines, posthumously published unhappily, appears to have been, at least by residence, a member of that little band of San Francisco poets at whose head are Dr. Taylor and Mr. Robertson, both interesting versifiers, though

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given rather over-much to reprinting. Surprisingly enough, though not unnaturally perhaps, they seem even more classical than the poets of the East. They affect the sonnet a good deal, particularly Dr. Taylor, who is fairly successful with this form. It is singular, too, how much of their inspiration is furnished by books and other literary and artistic themes. Their poetry shows reading, taste, cultivation. Indeed, Mr. Robertson's, who has evidently greater abundance of poetic gifts, shows something more. His "Ataxia," and, above all, his "Thunder Tune," are unusual poems in any comparison, and strike out occasionally a ringing and memorable line:

Hear the protest 'gainst the quick quietus, when
the demon whispered to the Dane,
And then listen to the larger logic of the fervent
phrases that contain
Such a creed, that Death's loud summons or his
faint procrastinated call,
Wakes no fear in those who face the darkness with
the words "The readiness is all."

After all, it is among these poets who live in some sense retired with the Muse that it is necessary to look for the most satisfactory verse to-day. They seldom have more than one string to their lyre, these minor poets, but that one is often singularly sweet and clear. They tend their own little plot of ground for their own pleasure, at times very negligently, no doubt; but along with the brambles they not infrequently succeed in raising one or two of those simple old-fashioned flowers whose charm seems for some reason or other to be perennial. Chief among such blossoms of the season is George Henry Miles's "Said the Rose," a poem of remarkable tenderness and pathos, and in its own subdued manner, of originality. The writer is dead now; and it profits little to notice the crudeness and imitativeness which disfigure a good deal of his work. But even the worst of it has a kind of distinction, such as comes to perfection in the "Rose," which makes it a matter of regret that he should so often have followed wandering fires, instead of striking out a plain, straight way of his own.

Even simpler in their inspiration are Miss Peacock's "Lincolnshire Rhymes." They are very unpretending pieces, most of them, remarkable mainly for their local attachment and homely associations, as well as for their astonishing success in retouching some of the oldest and most elementary of the poetic chords. In form, as in motive, many of them are ballads; and like the ballads, their effect is cumulative and grows with reading.

Decidedly more academic and "literary" is Mr. Gilder's "Fire Divine," though not without an occasional excursion into nature or public affairs. Of the latter sort is by far the liveliest piece in the volume, "The Whisperers," dated "New York, 1905":

In the House of State at Albany—in shadowy corridors and corners—the whisperers whispered together.

In sumptuous palaces in the great city men talked intently, with mouth to ear.

Year in and year out they whispered, and talked, and no one heard save those who listened close.

Now in the Hall of the City the whisperers again are whispering, the talkers are talking.

They who once conversed so quietly, secretly, with shrugs and winks and finger laid beside nose—what has happened to their throats?

For speak they never so low, their voices are as the voices of trumpets; whisper they never so close, their words are like alarm bells rung in the night.

On the whole, it is, perhaps, these rhythmic intermissions of Mr. Gilder's on one subject and another which give his book a kind of distinction or difference, lending it a bold, adventurous, innovating air, among the increasing legions of mildly meritorious versifiers, whose names have outgrown enumeration.

We may close with a comment on the paradoxical contrast in the work of two names already well-known. Stephen Phillips has for so many years devoted himself to the drama that we have almost forgotten his first lyrical successes, and so Mr. Crowninshield, though not unknown already as a poet, has made his position primarily as an artist. One would expect the dramatist to carry the problems of life into his songs, and the painter to transfer his vision of color and form into sensuous rhythm. But the contrary is true. Mr. Phillips does not eschew the pragmatic things of the present; he has his verses to "Gladstone" and "Dreyfus," he touches now and then on the tangle of the emotions; but it is not these poems that tempt us to linger over his pages. Like most of the lesser versifiers of the day, his virtue is in the sensuous, unthinking perception of beauty. We read him for his picture of Endymion:

Endymion, glistering from the morning stream,
In beautiful cold youth with virgin eyes,
Sprang naked up the Latmian steep, and stood
In the red sunrise shaking from his hair
The river-drops, and laughed, he knew not why;—

or for this image of the moon gliding down into the sleeper's arms:

Lo! like a lily vast the luminous Bloom
Unfolded slow upon the noon of night:
A moment, like a rain-drop at its edge,
Selene, brightly faltering, earthward slid;
And all the argent Flower had closed again.
Endymion heard his name amid the stars
Breathed; and again "Endymion!" he heard
Cried out in passion between earth and heaven;
Then "O Endymion!" stole into his ear.

Of this sensuous transfer of beauty from the eye to the ear, Mr. Crowninshield's volume carries but a little. Something approaching it may be felt in his artistic valuation of the fair model in his studio poems, or in his sympathy for New England scenery; but even here it is the drama of the model's inner life, or the human significance of the landscape that chiefly interests him—and us. He is not sure enough of his rhythms, and is somewhat too fond of unusual words to set the sensuous chords within us vibrating; but, as a seeker after the meaning of life, perplexed at times, often indignant, always courageous, he stands notably apart from the crowd. The series of sonnets that occupy the central part of his volume have a substratum of reflection that is the rarest quality in the verse of the day. We can quote only one, and that more personal than critical:

O starry Sagittarius, bright Sign
Whose high effulgence rayed upon my birth,
Remorseless thou hast brought me neither mirth,
Nor solace of good cheer, nor love of wine
Or wassail, nor the ease of wealth. But mine
Hath been the briered portion of the earth—
Travail and strain, and ceaseless care, and dearth
Of mindless sleep, kind Nature's anodyne.
Great starry Archer, what doth mean for me
Thy tense-drawn bow, thy quivering shaft of fire
Which gleams in dark-blue fields eternally?
That I should bend my bow in pain, nor tire
Of futile shafts? Futile? Oh, it may be
That one will pierce the mark ere I expire!

CURRENT FICTION.

Between the Dark and the Daylight. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Bros.

This volume represents a characteristic mood of Mr. Howells's, though not always a fruitful one. The psychical experiences which lie "between the dark and the daylight," spiritualism, hypnotism, dreams, intuitions, transferences, and "telegraphies"—all these matters have long had a mild avocational interest for him. He does not precisely take them seriously; his attitude seems to be characterized rather by a good-humored receptiveness than anything else. He can hardly be imagined in a state of excitement over a spook of any species, mental, "spiritual," or material. But it pleases him to think that there are more things in heaven and earth than are for sale in the markets of Manhattan. He likes to potter among his collection of "psychical" curios as other amiable connoisseurs among their tulips or their china. Doubtless some of the trifles he brings forth between thumb and forefinger for our edification mean more to him than to us on account of their associations, the odd places and seasons of their picking-up. Few of the articles of *vertu* in this book are of much intrinsic value. In fact, the only one of these stories which has real dignity, expressing as it does something of Mr. Howells's full power, is the first and longest of them, entitled "A Sleep and a Forgetting." Here, in the simple, moving way which has marked (we mean distinguished and limited) his best studies of the feminine, he describes the temporary mischance of oblivion to which a sudden shock of grief has subjected a young American girl. Her mother has been killed before her eyes in an accident at a grade crossing. In consequence the girl has lost her power of remembering not only the fact of the accident itself, but the things which afterward happen to her day by day. The distracted father leaves his business and takes her abroad, in the hope that change of scene will in some way restore her to herself. At San Remo a young American doctor is thrown into momentary contact with them, and is appealed to by the father to do what he can for the daughter. The doctor tarries at San Remo, and, of course, he and the girl, in their diverse states of innocence, proceed to fall in love. The consequence is that the girl finds herself coming slowly out of her strange condition, and by dint of another shock is made complete mistress of her memory. It is all so much the kind of thing one likes to expect of Mr. Howells as to dwarf, somewhat disproportionately, no doubt, the tolerably good magazine tales which make up the rest of the volume.

Walled In. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. New York: Harper & Bros.

Again Mrs. Ward has taken a New England college town for her scene; and to any one who is familiar with the setting, her story will have a good deal of interest. If she were a young writer we might be tempted to say of her recent work that it has shown increased promise. It seems to contain more sentiment and less sentimentality, less appeal to the sensibilities of the schoolgirl and the shoplady, than

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marked the "Confessions of a Wife," and (in less degree) its successors.

The specific problem is, we fancy, one of perennial concern to college communities. A studious and promising professor has married a vain, silly, and pretty woman. She has no interest in his work or ambitions, but is entirely absorbed in the enjoyment of such primitive pleasures as the undergraduate life provides. The professor's wife of this type is, we suppose, almost as well recognized in such an atmosphere as the "college widow." The pretty and indiscreet lady in question is, to be sure, an exaggeration of the type; for she is hard of heart as well as frivolous; as clearly predestined to hurt as to please; and her indiscretion is not limited to the ordinary philandering. She has already taken to her light ways before the professor, a fine figure of a man when she married him, is crippled by a motor accident. After the habit of her kind, she is repelled, not softened, by his disability. She neglects him more and more openly; and her affair with one of the undergraduates becomes less innocent. In the meantime, her step-sister, who is in every respect unlike her, has come upon the scene. She is professionally a nurse, and naturally and by training a woman of sensitiveness and generosity. The gay and silly wife half cynically, half contemptuously gives her husband into the care of this admirable and desirable creature; being herself freed to go her own primrose way. The husband, who is not a fool, in due season finds himself not only admiring but desiring the one person in whose presence he finds sympathy and rest. He half declares his feeling, asking nothing, and half understands that there is danger for her also in the continuance of their relation. At this point the silly wife is providentially drowned, in consequence, we are given to understand, of the horrid fact that she has gone canoeing with the less innocent undergraduate. The next thing that happens is what one wishes to happen—in a book; namely, the surviving pair, instead of allowing themselves to be happy in this release, are afflicted with qualms, wonder if they have done their full duty to the departed, wonder if it can be right for them to be glad that they are no longer uselessly tormented; and having arrived at this *impasse* of the "New England conscience," proceed to give themselves the still more useless torment of a speechless parting. If they had been guilty of the worst, these two people could not have been more chop-fallen over the kindness of fate.

But Mrs. Ward has told the truth: these things do actually happen (though less frequently, perhaps, than print would lead one to suspect) in New England. Fortunately, not even the New England conscience is powerful enough to conquer (in the long run) the New England common sense. That is why the Puritan ordinarily escaped being actually hoist with his own petard.

Lisheen. By Canon P. A. Sheehan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

A young Irish landlord makes the surprising discovery not unconnected with a reading of Tolstoy, that the condition of the Irish tenant is not all that it should be. He has half a notion to look into the matter for himself, but the inconveniences attendant upon such an inquiry are sufficiently plain to him. He has a feeling that the only way to get at the root of the matter would be to go down among the peasants and live their life. He continues to be vaguely eloquent upon the subject until a club bet rather unexpectedly commits him to the actual experiment. He becomes a laborer in a peasant family upon his own estates, is evicted with them, and, after some vicissitudes, both sociological and amatory, becomes a model landlord: not that he becomes a peasant on a large scale, and takes his tenantry altogether into his bosom. Canon Sheehan is content with a more old-fashioned, and, it must be said, more thoroughly tested model: "Slowly but surely a happy and thriving and industrious population grew up around the 'Great House': a population knitted in the firmest bonds of loyalty to those who were protecting and helping them."

This is all very well for a plot, but its handling is tame and ineffective. We are advised from time to time that the landlord is a fine fellow, one of the wisest and noblest of his kind; but we are not persuaded that he is anything more than a feeble and emotional manikin. In fact, the human figures in the story are all more or less shadowy or grotesque. Yet it contains fragments of dialogue which are extremely clever; as well as a good many passages of description and comment which, if not profoundly humorous, are pleasant because of their Hibernian good-nature and acuteness:

> It was the evil quarter-hour before dinner—the *pars gelida* before that daily holocaust of society, when the guests are frozen by first introductions or limited acquaintance; when the hostess is frozen by frightful anticipations of spoiled viands, kitchen catastrophes, yawning intervals between courses, and all the other dread possibilities of the dinner-table; when the waiters are frozen into frigid icicles of propriety and decorum; and probably the only warm person under the roof is the cook.

Alas that in the next sentence the second lady should be described as "A daughter of the gods, divinely fair"; and the villain (who leans against a marble mantelpiece and listens cynically) as "cold and slimy as a coiled snake!"

Folkungaträdet. I. Folke Filbyter; II. Bjälboarfvet. By Verner von Heidenstam. Stockholm: Bonnier.

When Verner von Heidenstam published his sketches from the times of Charles the Twelfth, entitled "Karolinerna," their kinship to Runeberg's "Fänrik Ståls Sägner" was at once commented upon, a kinship, however, more in the theme and in the similarity in types than in anything else. No such obvious comparison offers itself in the case of Heidenstam's latest work, "Folkungaträdet," of which the first two parts have so far been published. But one cannot help recalling that older series of historical romances from mediæval times in Sweden, C. G. Starbäck's "Engelbrekt Engelbrektsson," and "Guldhalsbandet." Starbäck was a trained historian, with great narrative talent, and he unfolded a pageant of types and events from one of the most interesting periods of Sweden's history, that country's first struggle to free itself from the "union" with Denmark. Heidenstam, a born poet, has produced something quite different. Though a large amount of antiquarian learning is shown all through the volumes, *e. g.*, in the scene where the old miner comes before the Earl of Bjälbo and his mother, the centre of interest lies in the individual characters. The nearly primeval figure of Folke Filbyter, the founder of the family, viking, peasant proprietor, and highway robber; Valdemar, the son of Birger of Bjälbo, a dreamer all his life, sensuous, irresponsible, never comprehending the responsibilities that rest on him as king; his brother Magnus, who eventually drives him from the throne in order to save the country—all these personages stand out before the reader as clearly as in actual life, clearer even, because interpreted by a poet's insight.

The True Patrick Henry. By George Morgan. 24 illustrations; pp. 492. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2 net.

In preparing his entertaining volume, which is especially rich on the personal side, and in its presentation of Virginia and family tradition, Mr. Morgan has had the use of many original papers relating to Henry, which have come to light since the publication of Wirt's well-known biography. It is unfortunate that the supposedly popular nature of this series has seemed to require a treatment apparently designed to meet the approval of those who do little serious reading. Furthermore, it is not likely that an approach towards finality has been attained by the contributors to this "True" series, any more readily, because of the claim suggested by the title. The author of the tenth volume is favorably known as the writer of two novels, "John Littlejohn of J." and "The Issue," in which he disclosed a liking for the picturesque in American civilization, skill in portraying it, and unusual familiarity with several of the larger episodes of our national life. It was to be expected that in his Life of Patrick Henry the attractive qualities of his method would be once more conspicuous, for there was much in the career of the Virginia orator to lend itself to precisely the kind of appreciative treatment that Mr. Morgan is so well qualified to give. But there was also much to offer as serious obstacles to a sympathetic biographer. It is the chief defect of Mr. Morgan's book that he claims too much, in too many directions. What with sparring with Thomas Jefferson, William Wirt, the Virginian clergy, the civil authorities, and the upper classes of Virginia, and nearly everybody who thought lightly of his hero's powers, the author makes a brave, but not always successful, effort to change radically the critical estimate of Henry's professional and political services.

On the stage acting is an art. In political life it is apt to be the enacting of a more or less artistic falsehood. Patrick Henry was a great actor off the stage. His special rôle was the old one, played successfully by so many potentates of the past, of arraying the masses against the nobles. There are too many tributes, from opponents as well as friends, to the effectiveness of his art to make the absence of an adequate record of his words and arguments of supreme importance. But full appreciation of his art does not involve entire ap-

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proval of the man behind the art. The gist of the celebrated Parsons case, from which Patrick Henry took his first leap into public reputation, is hardly to be found in the opposing claims of clergy and people, as stated by Mr. Morgan. At the bottom of the contest lay the simple truth that tobacco was a very inferior form of money, because of its liability to extreme fluctuations in value. But it was the one thing that nearly every Virginia colonist possessed, and it was therefore agreed by custom and law to use the product as the basis of a circulating medium. There was thus established a vicious money system, in whose harmful operations the clergymen of the Virginia branch of the Church of England eventually became entangled. The system once adopted, and contracts with the clergy having been made in accordance with it, the people soon sought to pay the clergy, not in the tobacco money to the amount called for by contract and law of their own devising, but in actual money of much less value. The tobacco crop had failed, and the price had risen. The greenbackers and the silver men of modern times had their prototypes among the Virginia colonists, whose advocate and hero Patrick Henry became. When the suit brought by one of the clergymen to recover his pay came to trial, the jury, which seems to have been made up of the poorer class of taxpayers, promptly gave a verdict in favor of the minister, but fixed the damages at one penny. In a highly civilized community or with groups of men of the higher types, among whom simple sincerity is one of the supreme tests of culture, there would seem to be little in this triumph of Henry, won by appealing to some of the least admirable instincts of primitive man, on which to base a sound public repute. But it was the beginning of Patrick Henry's fame; and since then in many corners of the country men have held a following and high station by the same familiar method.

Nor can it be successfully maintained that as a lawyer, bound by the ethics of his profession to do the best he could for his client, Henry was justified in pursuing the line of argument which he adopted. Legally he had not a peg on which to hang his case, and it would be easy to call a long roll of American lawyers of eminence who would have declined the conduct of a case without any legal basis, the successful prosecution of which depended upon an adroit appeal to the general disregard for the law and upon denunciation of clergy and Church. Admitting that Henry foresaw the overthrow of the power of England in her American colonies, and that he wished to further the movement more than he desired to promote his own fortunes, that was not the proper time, or the proper place, or the proper method to advance the cause of independence. The existing lawmaking power and the system of courts were necessary for the adjustment of contending interests and for the stability of society until other legal powers were established; but Henry sought with more or less success to involve the Church, the law, and the courts all in one general ruin. In a law court the revolutionist is out of place.

Indeed, we may say that as a lawyer Henry is, on the whole, best remembered for his efforts in behalf of error and injustice, as in this Parsons case and the suit which the Virginian Hook brought to recover the value of cattle taken for the use of the Continental troops. Hook, of course, was entitled to his money, but Henry, exerting all his dramatic art and skill, succeeded in defeating the ends of justice. His method was the same in the Randolph murder case and the Harvey case. In what was perhaps his most important civil case, that of Jones vs. Walker, in which Henry represented the defendant in an action to recover the amount of a bond given before the Revolution, his present biographer says that the orator scored a triumph. But again he was on the side of injustice, and the Supreme Court finally decided in favor of the plaintiff, so that it is difficult to see on what substantial ground a triumph can be claimed.

As a soldier Henry's record was brief and inglorious. He retired to private life because the civil authorities had little confidence in his military ability and because on his side he was only willing to serve in supreme command in his State. There were such men in the civil war. Hooker and McClernand among others. The Grants, Meades, and Thomases, Johnstons and Lees, in the face of humiliation went on performing their duty and serving their cause, trusting to time and event to do them justice.

In spite of his limitations and his actual failures Patrick Henry's services to the cause of independence were great enough to make unnecessary that form of apotheosis which would attribute to him the virtues and achievements of other men. It was in the interval beginning with the breaking down of the old order and ending with the establishment of the new; when as a member of the House of Burgesses he opposed the Stamp tax and stirred the emotions of Americans, that his legitimate and most valuable work was done. Edmund Randolph's keen analysis of Henry's ability and shortcomings, which appears to be borne out by the evidence, was as follows:

> In pure reasoning he encountered many successful competitors; in the wisdom of books many superiors; but though he might be inconclusive he was never frivolous, and arguments which at first seemed strange, were afterwards discovered to be select of their kind, because adapted to some peculiarity in his audience.

On the other hand, towards the end of Patrick Henry's public career, when he vehemently opposed the adoption of the Federal Constitution, he set himself apart from the men of his time of the first rank. He feared that a consolidated government would "destroy the States and swallow the liberties of the people." He seems not to have perceived the infinite number of opportunities for practical revolution to be found in popular elections or to have understood that if eventually the liberties of the people are to be swallowed up by a "consolidated" government, the change will be due to so great an unfitness of the people for popular government that no precautions on paper could forever guard against it. "Your President," said Henry, "may easily become King." But the President who becomes King will have been preceded by Presidents who can only have broken the way to a kingdom by the consent of an ignorant and indifferent populace.

If Herbert Spencer was right in his thought that the American government will fail in some great crisis because of the unfitness of the masses to consider seriously a complicated question, the public men most needed in the United States are not leaders like Patrick Henry, who will seek to strengthen their own power by urging the populace to insist that legislatures, congresses, and officials respond immediately to some demand of the hour, but statesmen who will seek to give back to legislatures and to Congress that check upon public opinion which the constitutions of the nation and the States intended. As it is to-day, legislatures tend to become a register of last week's popular impulses; the national House of Representatives mostly records the wish of the President. To some extent Henry's fears have been realized. The Senate remains as a check upon public impulse; but already there is a widespread movement for the popular election of Senators. It is a truism, of course, that the national Constitution did not contemplate the present day notion that what the masses want at the moment must necessarily be good for them. The course of safety lies in the Constitution, which Patrick Henry opposed; in the maintenance of the powers of the State in that path which was so carefully marked out by the framers of the Constitution of 1787, and which lies half way between that excess of Federal power in the President on the one side which Patrick Henry feared, and on the other side excessive obedience to the whims of the people of which obedience Patrick Henry's career was mostly an advocacy.

The Soul Market. By Olive Christian Malvery. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.

This book owes a charm to its nondescript character. It is not fiction, or autobiography, or sociological report, but savors somewhat of all three. There is a quality very warm and human and engaging in this casual narrative. Miss Malvery was of Anglo-Indian birth, and came to London as a young girl for musical training. Chance led to the discovery of her real gift, and she became a reader instead of a singer. Her public recitations won a popular success, and she acquired a good deal of vogue as an entertainer at private parties. Her professional experiences among "the best people" seem to have set her thinking. She discovered that her fashionable patrons were often unscrupulous, and usually unintelligent:

> The real patrons of music and art in England are the people. Society is not really musical at all. If it were, there would not be so many starving musicians scattered about. The very rich are seldom truly artistic or musical, though there is a fashion among them of posing as patrons of music and art. What society runs after is the latest sensation. It rarely ever encourages unknown talent.

Miss Malvery's ensuing experiments as street singer and barrel-organist, confirmed her suspicion that the real lovers of music are among the poor. Her interest was aroused in other aspects of the life of the lower working classes of London. Under various disguises and in various capacities she tasted the bitterness of the ordinary wage-earner's lot; really tasted, not merely sniffed at it after the manner of

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the "slummer" and the lady journalist. For months at a time she lived the life of the streets, the shops, the factories, and the lodging-houses. Her motive sprang from personal interest and sympathy rather than from the tabulating zeal of the professional sociological investigator; and her book is a series of random notes upon certain episodes in an extraordinarily varied experience among the London poor. From it all she emerged neither disheartened nor in imagined possession of a panacea.

The two chief causes to which she attributes the destitution of the slum family are interesting. The women and the children are, her observation teaches, ground between an upper and a nether millstone: the idle and drunken man of the family, and the slave-driving alien. She has little faith in the cry of "no labor," which still goes up from mobs of stalwart men in London streets:

> Men who ought to be supporting healthy and happy families by legitimate work spend 95 per cent. of their earnings in the public house—that is, if they are earning at all, as for the most part the husbands of women engaged in home employment are irredeemable loafers.

> And these women are as a rule condemned to toil, with the aid of little children, under the lash of foreign-born taskmasters, who have been freely admitted to overcrowded London, bringing with them the hard thrift and insatiable cupidity bred of their native squalor.

> I was much struck during the descents I made into Poverty Kingdom, to find in how many cases the distress, overwork, and evilly bad pay were due to the trades worked in being monopolized by foreigners. And then again the utter misery caused by the over-crowding, insanitary condition of the houses, inability to claim a sufficient water supply, and all the ugly results of desperate over-population in certain districts, were due almost entirely to the fact that the property in those neighborhoods had been, bit by bit, acquired by our alien friends.

Miss Malvery's experiments are by no means without parallel in these days. But they seem to have been inspired and carried out in a spirit of ingenuous devotion rare in any time; and the record has a quality (which one may call emotional if he will) sharply differentiating it from reports coldly rendered by the student in sociology or stories jauntily got up by the enterprising journalist.

Science.

History of Astronomy. By Walter W. Bryant. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

In the first half of this book Mr. Bryant, an official of the British Royal Observatory, writes purely as an historian, but in the second half, dealing with modern times, there is a large measure of his own opinions on pending questions. This gives life to the book; but there is something else that almost withdraws the gift—a frequent effort to dispel the gloom of a somewhat recondite subject by attempts at humor, and elephantine gambolling with anecdote. Only that supreme devotion to duty which animates all reviewers enabled us to continue beyond p. 222, where is mentioned the German Dr. Witt's discovery of an important minor planet. Since this is the only planet so far discovered by him, Mr. Bryant recalls a suggestion that it "be named *Brevitas,* as being the sole (discovery) of Witt."

The book contains a few inaccuracies, such as a confusion of the Smithsonian and Carnegie Institutions of Washington, on p. 134. Occasionally, too, there is a lack of lucidity in style, and a use of cryptic expressions or unexplained technical terms. But in general the author's opinions are clearly expressed and are also sound. We mention two points that are especially creditable. On p. 194 he ascribes the important discovery of terrestrial latitude variation correctly to Kustner of Berlin, whereas, both in England and America, it is usually and incorrectly credited to Chandler. Even the last (1906) Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution contains an article by Abbot, on "Recent Progress in Astronomy," where this error is repeated. It is due no doubt to Chandler's having discussed the question extensively in a long series of memoirs a very few years after the discovery itself had been announced by Küstner. The other opinion (p. 215) that seems to us both correct and timely relates to the "canals" of Mars. It is worth quoting:

> In fact, so far as the argument depends on terrestrial and human analogy the assumptions involved are so great that Professor Lowell's very plausible explanation can hardly be called convincing. . . . Admitting his evidence, his deductions as to intelligent beings on Mars, who can not only construct thousands of miles, in fact hundreds of thousands of miles, of great canals at least a mile wide, but can also force water to fill them against its natural inclination, are scarcely, if at all, credible. . . . It is well known that a trained observer, who knows by experience exactly what he is looking for, will see with comparative ease what an average person entirely fails to distinguish; but it is also beyond question that observers of supposed trustworthiness have recorded things as seen which have had no real existence, but which they expected to see. In other words, personal bias counts for something, and whether the observation be made by the man who believes or by one of his staff who is told what to expect, it will be regarded with skepticism by the man who does not believe.

In the rich collection of manuscripts which Frau Elizabeth Campe, daughter of the well-known publisher. B. G. Hoffmann, has willed to the City Library of Hamburg, a number of unpublished letters of Voltaire have been discovered. They constitute a part of Voltaire's correspondence with the philosopher and mathematician S'Gravesand of Leyden. In 1731 Voltaire visited S'Gravesand for the purpose of consulting him with reference to the discoveries of Newton, of which S'Gravesand was the pioneer advocate in the Netherlands. As a result of this conference we have this present correspondence, full of interesting data with reference to the spread of Newton's views; and these letters are soon to be published.

Dr. Berthold Laufer of the department of anthropology at Columbia University has resigned his post and will go to the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago, to organize a department of East Asiatic ethnology. He himself will soon organize and conduct an expedition to northwestern China.

Dr. Henry Patterson Loomis, a specialist in pulmonary and heart diseases, died in this city December 22. He was a son of Dr. Alfred Lebbens Loomis, a specialist in the same lines. Dr. Loomis the younger was born in this city in 1859; was graduated from Princeton in 1880; and from the medical department of New York University in 1883. He studied also in Berlin, Heidelberg, and Vienna. From 1887 to 1895 he was professor of pathology in New York University; and from 1898 till his death, professor of therapeutics and clinical medicine in Cornell Medical School. He was a member of various medical societies; he had been president of the New York Pathological Society. To the "American System of Practical Medicine" he contributed the chapters on Bright's disease; in "American Jurisprudence and Toxicology" he contributed the chapters on post-mortem examination. He also wrote much for the medical magazines.

Prof. Oscar Lassar, a member of the medical faculty of Berlin University, died December 23 from the effects of an automobile accident. He was born in Hamburg in 1849, and received his education at Heidelberg, Göttingen, Strassburg, and Berlin. After service at Göttingen and Breslau, he went to Berlin, where he established a clinic for the treatment of skin diseases; and by 1893 he had attained the grade of full professor in the university. Dr. Lassar was especially interested in tuberculous affections of the skin, and was among the first to recognize the bacteriological character of many scalp diseases. This led him to consider the infectious nature of such troubles, and to lay great stress upon public hygiene. He was the founder of the German society for the promotion of public baths, and he established model baths in Berlin. He was also active in summoning to Berlin the international leprosy congress. He wrote many monographs on various phases of public health and hygiene, among them: "Kulturaufgabe der Volksbäder," "Volksgesundheit und menschliche Gesellschaft in ihren Wechselbeziehungen," and "Ueber häusliche Gesundheitspflege." Since 1893 he had been the editor of the *Dermatologische Zeitschrift.* The medical training of women was one of the movements in which he was interested. Apart from his professional works, Dr. Lassar was the author of one or two books. In 1892, under the pen name of Edmund Olass, he published a volume entitled "Novellen," and he also wrote "Geschichten und Gedichte für kleine Kinder," 1895.

Pierre Jules César Janssen, director of the Meudon Observatory, died December 23. He was born in 1824 in Paris. He was well known as a student and experimenter in the field of astrophysics, and particularly in spectrum-analysis. During the total eclipse of the sun in 1868, he observed that the sun's protuberances were produced by burning fluids, and in 1870 he discovered a new method of quantitative spectrum-analysis. Four years later he observed the transit of Venus in Japan, and on his way thither he carried on some magnetic experiments in the Gulf of Siam and in the heart of Bengal. At Janssen's instigation the great observatory on the summit of Mont Blanc was constructed in 1892, and since that time Janssen, although so lame

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that he had to be carried to the observatory, had successfully directed a series of important observations there. He was a member of the Paris Academy and the Bureau of Longitudes.

Drama.

The English Stage of To-day. By Mario Borsa; translated by Selwyn Brinton. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

Dr. Mario Borsa is fortunate in his translator, Mr. Brinton, who has converted the original Italian into singularly fluent, idiomatic, and vivacious English, which lends additional charm to a series of essays, full of sound information, keen criticism, and much practical common sense. As a summary of the history of the modern English stage, in all its various phases, intended chiefly for the use of foreigners, the book is admirable in almost every respect, being comprehensive, without going into any of the tedious and insignificant detail which forms the bulk of most recent theatrical volumes; and, in the main, wonderfully accurate. Among the principal subjects which it passes in review, are the nature of English playgoers, actors, and actor-managers, the leading dramatists and critics, the Stratford-on-Avon celebrations, the work of the various independent theatres, the realistic and the literary drama, the Irish theatre, and the censorship. So far as matters of fact are concerned, it has nothing new to offer to the well-informed English reader, but this does not at all diminish the interest arising from the comment of an independent observer, thoroughly conversant with theatrical affairs, not only in Great Britain, but in his own country. And much of what he has to say is just as pertinent on this side of the Atlantic as on the other.

Of the generally forlorn condition of dramatic art in England he speaks with a good humored contempt which is, perhaps, more effective than any labored strictures. He attributes it largely to the innate stupid conservatism of the public, which, with its national passion for the "standardization" of everything, looks askance upon new forms and ideals even in its pleasures, and insists that what was good enough for one generation is good enough for another. Here he has fallen into the old delusion, carefully fostered by commercial managers everywhere, that the public has the power of dictating the nature of the entertainments to be provided for it. The truth is that it only has the right of selection between what is bad and what is worse. He only comprehends in part the powers and the influences of the commercial syndicates by which the theatrical world is governed. But he sees very clearly the evil wrought by long runs and demonstrates it most effectively by contrasting the achievements of the Italian stock companies, developed and maintained by healthful competition, with the work done under the star system. He ridicules the idea that a dramatic resurrection can be effected, as so many enthusiasts hope, by the means of a national theatre. This, he says, is an ancient fad which for more than a century "has been the occasion of endless ribaldry and waste of ink in Italy. Whenever the dramatic right cannot stand upright upon its own legs, the support of the state is at once invoked, as if the state could endow the public with taste, the playwright with genius, or the actor with that *diable* of which Voltaire spoke to Madame Duchesnoi." He then proceeds to speak of the miracle plays and pageants organized by the English guilds in the fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries and to regret the fact that feud should have arisen between Church and stage to check that growth of a genuine national passion for representative art which Louis N. Parker is now striving to revive. The history of the subsidized theatres of the world, he urges, proves that such institutions at the best can only imperfectly preserve standards, which after all may not be the best, but are powerless to produce inspired actors or dramatists.

In his sketches of prominent playwrights there is much acute criticism. Henry Arthur Jones he appreciates highly, but points out truly that his best work is marred by a survival of his earlier melodramatic tendencies, and his rhetorical habit. Alfred Sutro he describes as an astute playwright rather than a real dramatist with convictions. By Barrie he is plainly puzzled, praising parts of his work, but regretting his unconquerable juvenility. With the humor of W. S. Gilbert, he is delighted. Of Pinero, after expatiating upon his wit and his technical skill, he says: "If you come to analyze his plays in order to find in them a central idea, you will find that he has very little to tell you that is new, original or interesting." This is most potently true, as is a further remark that Pinero gives you "the view of a casual observer, not of a thinker."

It is interesting to note that Dr. Borsa, whose sympathies are all enlisted on the side of the realistic drama—literary, intellectual or problematical—is of the opinion that the influence of the Ibsen plays on the English theatre has been inconsiderable, and in this judgment he is doubtless justified, notwithstanding the occasional successes attained by "A Doll's House," and "Hedda Gabler," which owed much to such actresses as Janet Achurch and Elizabeth Robbins. English dramatists, seeking popularity, are not likely to take Ibsen as a model except in his methods of technical construction; and imitation in this respect would not always be readily detected. To the Stage Society Dr. Borsa gives a word of very sage advice. He says:

> In order to counteract the vacuous unintellectuality of the conventional English stage, the Stage Society makes a practice of giving the preference in its repertory to works of a serious, symbolical, philosophical, and social character. This is an antidote which may prove efficacious for a time, but woe to those who abuse it. The society would thereby run the risk of becoming atrophied and sinking to the level of a monotonous and morbid school.

A long review of the work of Bernard Shaw contains this pregnant sentence:

> His works, stimulating as at first they are, end by wearying us—because in these mental pyrotechnics we seek vainly for the clear, harmonious design of a fundamental thought.

In his paper on the literary drama Dr. Borsa discusses with much acumen, such diverse authors as Thomas Hardy, Swinburne, Tennyson, Browning, and Stephen Phillips. To W. B. Yeats and the Irish Theatre he devotes a most sympathetic and appreciative chapter. In his criticisms of actors he is both just and felicitous, except in the case of Shakespearean representations, as, for instance, when he ranks the Shylock of Novelli above that of Irving. But it is seldom that he goes so far astray as that. He has written a most attractive, instructive, and clear-headed work, which will repay the study of all persons interested in theatrical affairs.

William Jaggard of Liverpool, a descendant of the printer of the First Folio Shakespeare, has for a long time been at work upon an important Shakespearean bibliography, which is to include collations, descriptions, and notes of every known issue of Shakespeare's plays, poems, and collected works, as well as Shakespeareana, manuscript and printed. In all, there will be, he says, more than fifteen thousand entries. He promises details as to size and price later.

It is reported by cable that fourteen of Lord Howe's Shakespeare quartos, which were to have been sold with his collection at auction, on December 21, were disposed of privately. These, it may be assumed, will find their way to New York, even if they are not already here. Of the remainder sold at auction, the "King Lear," 1608, the second edition of this date, brought £200; "The Merry Wives of Windsor," 1619, £160; "Love's Labour Lost," 1631, £201; the First Folio, £2,025. The total of the sale, fifty-one lots only (less the fourteen sold privately) is reported as £5,203.

Alfred Sutro's latest play, "John Glayde's Honour," which was presented for the first time in this city, in Daly's Theatre, on Monday evening, proved a disappointment. It is inferior to "The Walls of Jericho" in almost every particular; in point, in reasonableness, and in execution. Like its predecessor, it is inspired by a serious theme of wide contemporary interest, and to this extent is superior to the ordinary machine-made drama of incident; but it is in its essence theatrical and specious, tricky and violent in device, and with little force of general application. Its main contention, that the husband—American or not—who is so absorbed in mere money-grubbing as to be utterly neglectful of his wife, and indifferent to her pursuits, through a course of years, is partly responsible for the errors of living into which she may fall, is sound enough, though rather trite. But the illustrations which he has chosen are so extreme that his moral is not very clear or impressive. Neither Glayde nor his wife can be accepted as typical, nor can either of them lay claim to much sympathy. The indifference of the one is more than offset by the gross treachery of the other. At the last the man, in bitter scorn, gives the faithless woman over to her lover, with a promise to provide for her. He does this with an affectation of magnanimity, but he could scarcely have devised a more certain way of ensuring her lasting misery. As a whole, the play, in spite of some effective theatrical scenes, is melodramatic and unconvincing in its action, and unsatisfying in its conclusion. Doubtless it would have seemed more life-like if it had been more brilliantly acted. Mr.

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Hackett's Glayde had physical but not intellectual strength, and Miss Darragh, an English actress of evident skill and experience, was nevertheless unequal to the emotional requirements of such a part as Mrs. Glayde.

Beerbohm Tree will hold another Shakespearean festival at His Majesty's Theatre in London next May.

Oscar Asche will appear in London next autumn in the part of Hannibal de Tavannes, Miss Brayton playing Clothilde, in a dramatic version of Stanley Weyman's "Count Hannibal."

Music.

Debussy's Pelléas et Mélisande: A Guide to the Opera. By Lawrence Gilman. G. Schirmer.

It has perhaps never before happened that a book has been printed about an opera which, although five years old, has been performed in only three cities. Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" had its first production in Paris in 1902. In January of the present year it was given at Brussels, and three months later at Frankfort. The fourth city to hear it will probably be New York. Oscar Hammerstein has promised to produce it at the Manhattan Opera House, and he has now in his company two of the singers who were in the original Parisian cast—Miss Mary Garden and Mlle. Gerville-Réache. Walter Damrosch has already delivered a lecture-recital on the opera, and now comes Mr. Gilman with a guide of eighty-four pages to its mysteries and wonders. Great must these be if we are to believe the prophets. The assertion of a French critic that "it is necessary to go back perhaps to 'Tristan' to find in the opera house an event so important in certain respects for the evolution of musical art," strikes Mr. Gilman as, "if anything, overcautious." To him this work exhibits not only a new manner of writing opera, but a new kind of music, "a new way of evolving and combining tones, a new order of harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic structure."

Wherein lies the marvellous novelty of this music? In the first place, in its premeditated defiance of all the accepted laws of form and logic. It is "dim and wavering and elusive music"; it "drifts before the senses like iridescent vapor"; it is "without punctuation, uncadenced, irregular." But the worst is yet to come. Harmonically this music "obeys no known law—consonances, dissonances, are interfused, blended, reëchoed, juxtaposed, without the smallest regard for the rules of tonal relationship established by long tradition." There was a time when the plain bread-and-butter diatonic scale sufficed musicians. Chopin, Liszt, Wagner, and their followers, craved the delicatessen of the chromatic scales. But Debussy has shaped for himself a mode of utterance which derives from none of these influences. He has brought back the mediæval church modes which were in use before the modern major and minor modes came into vogue. Liszt may have made use of whole-tone progressions for special effects, but in Debussy they are ever present.

Nor is this all. Wagner was accused, ignorantly, of having banished melody from the vocal parts and relegated it to the symphonic orchestral part. Debussy admits, frankly, that in his score, "the melodic phrase is always in the orchestra, never in the voice." In his whole opera there is no vocal melody whatsoever. Nor, on the other hand, does he waste much time on the symphonic development of themes. For the most part, his orchestra is as simple as Mozart's, and throughout the five acts there are scarcely more than a dozen fortissimo passages. At first blush, the most audaciously novel of Debussy's principles is his contemptuous attitude toward melody. In his own words:

> Melody is, if I may say so, almost antilyric, and powerless to express the constant change of emotion or life. Melody is suitable only for the song (*chanson*), which confirms a fixed sentiment.

As a matter of fact Debussy's originality was anticipated just three centuries ago by Peri, the composer of the first operas ever written. He, too, deliberately banished melody from his scores; and his colleague, Caccini, like Debussy, boasted of his *nobile sprezzatura del canto*. The excuse for Peri and Caccini is that they had no examples of better things before them, as Debussy had.

Mr. Gilman is a champion and admirer of Debussy and his opera. To him it is "a beautiful and in many ways incomparable score." He loves the intangible "sound-wraiths" of which the music largely consists, because they reproduce the atmosphere of the play. Yet he does not fail to point out one of the foibles of his hero. Debussy, in one of his essays, sneers at the Wagnerian system of leading motives as "rather coarse"; yet he makes use of this same system throughout his score, though without Wagner's polyphonic and transforming genius. In the thirty pages he devotes to the analysis of the score, Mr. Gilman has singled out twenty-five motives and given them names. They are reproduced in musical type and seem, almost without exception, singularly void. The first chapter of the book is devoted to a sketch of Debussy's career and the development of his peculiar art, and this is followed by a readable chapter on the Maeterlinck play, on which the opera is based. An amusing detail is the quarrel between the poet and the composer. Angered by certain excisions, and by the choice of one of the singers, Maeterlinck published a letter of protest, in which he declared that inasmuch as the "Pelléas" of the Opéra Comique had become entirely foreign to him and escaped from his control, he could only hope that "its fall would be prompt and noisy." But it has proved a lasting success.

The twenty-ninth annual meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association will be held at Columbia University December 27 to 31.

The New York Symphony Society announces Mme. Schumann-Heink as the soloist at the subscription concerts on Saturday evening, December 28, and Sunday afternoon, December 29, at Carnegie Hall. These will be Mme. Schumann-Heink's first public appearances in New York this season. The orchestral numbers include Liszt's three symphonic-poems, which are entitled "A Faust Symphony." Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing the Brahms Rhapsody for solo voice and male chorus, and Adriano's aria, "Gerechter Gott," from the second act of "Rienzi."

The Olive Mead Quartet will give a concert in Mendelssohn Hall Thursday evening, January 2, with Arthur Whiting as assisting artist. This is the first New York appearance of the quartet with the new second violinist, Miss Helen Reynolds.

Art.

THE WINTER ACADEMY.

There are a good many things which the present exhibition of the Academy is not, and it will undoubtedly be criticised for not being these things. For instance, it is not an exhibition composed entirely of the works of one limited school of our younger painters. It is not a select and small exhibition, carefully arranged with ample space around each work, and showing each work to the utmost advantage. It is not a large exhibition got together by the lavish expenditure of time and money and filled with borrowed works selected from the best that have been produced in this country within ten years. It will be compared, to its disadvantage, with both kinds of exhibition, and will be found fault with for not being the one or the other. It is not even an exhibition fully representative of the membership of the Academy, for it would be easy to make a list of admirable artists, members of that body, who, for one or another reason, have not been able or have not chosen to exhibit. The present exhibition is, then, the lesser of two exhibitions which the Academy is obliged to hold annually through lack of space to include in one exhibition all the desirable work in oil painting, almost exclusively, produced in this country during the year. For work in other branches of art, except to a minor degree for sculpture, it does not pretend, under present conditions, to provide at all. It is a purely voluntary exhibition, composed of such work as the artists send in of their own initiative, and does not, I believe, contain a single borrowed picture. It is an exhibition almost entirely of current work. It is an exhibition not of the best art produced in America, but of the fair average of current professional work. Be it noted, in passing, that the Academy provides practically the only such exhibitions in this country, and that from its exhibitions the exhibitions of other cities are largely made up.

This being the modest claim of the exhibition, it does, I think, afford well-grounded encouragement to the believers in the future of art in America. It is an exhibition without a sensation, without a picture, or two or three pictures, which will be remembered to the exclusion of everything else. The foreshortening of time, which crowds the perspective as it recedes and makes us think of the best pictures of a decade as characterizing each of the "exhibitions of the eighties," might lead us to think this exhibition inferior to some of its forerunners. On the contrary, I believe that the general level of attainment has

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never been so high or so uniform. It is this high general level, indeed, rather than the lack of especially good works, which prevents any particular picture from making a special appeal. Each picture looks better for the good company it is in, but none looks manifestly superior. With thirty years' experience of picture galleries to sharpen my instinct, I had yet been several times around the exhibition before my attention was aroused by one picture—a large picture conspicuously placed in the centre of a panel—one of the best landscapes ever painted by one of our best contemporary landscape painters. I refer to December by Leonard Ochtman; a piece of delicately felt color and delicately adjusted values unmistakably distinguished. Had it been a small work, or had there been any tenuity in its refinement, one might have overlooked it without subsequent surprise. It is above the average in size, and there is plenty of robustness in its pale coloring. That one had not sooner discerned it, was simply a tribute to the general excellence of its surroundings.

Besides the air of general efficiency and workmanlike ability which characterizes this exhibition, the things which strike me as of good augury are three. The first is the clear demonstration of the fact that the day is past when our art could be justly censured as exhibiting nothing but the pale reflection of this or that foreign school. The men whose work is shown here are well trained, most of them by some study in Europe, but there is nevertheless an unmistakable accent about this collection which could be found in the exhibitions of no other country. It is not merely that the artists are individual and have each a personal way of looking at nature and of envisaging art—in spite of a great diversity there is a surprising homogeneity, a sense that we are in the presence of men of one race and of one country. As far as modern conditions will permit the existence of such a thing anywhere, we have to-day a national school of painting.

The second encouraging aspect of this exhibition is that the day of mere sketching—of notes and studies and bits of painting only—is also well over. Our painters are producing pictures—let me hasten to add that by pictures I do not mean illustrations, and that the telling of a story or the depiction of an incident is not necessary to picture-making. It is true that the greatest of painters have not been above telling stories—witness Michelangelo and Rembrandt—but Chardin painted pictures also, though his subject might be no more than a jug and a loaf of bread. A picture is a thing with a design; a thing in which a definite conception has been wrought out with all the completeness possible to the artist; a thing in which the delights of imitation and of craftsmanship are subordinated to some previous intention. The intention may be illustrative, as with Francis D. Millet's excellent and careful Rook and Pigeon, or purely decorative, as with Hugo Ballin's The Bath, which thoroughly earned the Isidor medal, awarded for the first time at this exhibition; it may be partly decorative and partly allegorical, as with Louis Loeb's delightful Twilight, or it may include the interpretation of a personality or of an aspect of nature as with more than one portrait or landscape. The essential thing is that there should be an intention, and that the intention should be realized as far as the ability of the artist will allow. Of such things, good or bad, but at any rate pictures in their motive and treatment, there are so many in the exhibition that they seem to dominate it.

One fancies that the increasing practice of mural decoration in this country, with its evident necessity for something more than clever painting, has not been without its effect in teaching our artists to think more pictorially. It can hardly be doubted that the influence of mural painting is to be seen in the third characteristic of this exhibition—its evidence of a growing desire for color. When our artists began to paint upon walls they were forced to design, and they were forced also to get out of their acquired habits of painting with chalk or soot or mere opaque and muddy gray, and to attempt the use of color in its fullness and for its own beauty—to do in oil what the water-colorists have never forgotten how to do. Whether or not this is true, the fact of keener attention to color is patent. The walls are alive with it—picture after picture is full of it. It is not always successful color; it is sometimes crude and glaring, insufficiently harmonized, but it is color. And in the best instances it is really beautiful color. The landscape painters, those of more or less impressionist tendencies, have begun to see, as their master Monet always saw, that nature is full-colored, and that light is not a matter of white paint or of pale violet and blue. The tonalists are beginning, apparently, to be convinced that tone is not merely a matter of brown glazes. There are still canvases that are opaque and chalky. There are a few painters that cannot get free from ivory-black, like George Bellows, with his powerful, impressive study of the Pennsylvania excavation. But, for the most part, color, strong and pure as the painter can make it, reigns. Mr. Ballin is superb in his deep blues and greens, and pearly flesh; Mr. Loeb has, perhaps, carried his search for subtlety a little too far, and is a trifle vaporous; but his picture is full of charm and is thoroughly carried out. There are splendor and force in the rich granite reds and ocean blues of Paul Dougherty's Twisted Ledge, and a quieter, but equally powerful, gamut of color in his Surf Ring, where the water is grayed by the beaten foam. There is great distinction in Howard Gardner Cushing's Silver Dress, which has exquisite passages of color, although the background strikes one as not quite in key; and much beauty in the black and gold of Birge Harrison's Hidden Moon. It is his blue and white and gold that make the success of Albert L. Groll's recent works, like The Cloud—Arizona, and his brilliant green and silver that one admires in Edward F. Rook, as it is masculine truth of color that is the finest quality of E. W. Redfield's several contributions. And, frank painter from nature as Mr. Redfield is, even he is beginning to think a little more of his picture and a little less of his facts.

Beauty of line has always been a rarer quality in art than beauty of color, and draughtsmanship of intrinsic interest is rarer in this exhibition than good color—partly, perhaps, because our best draughtsmen are too much engaged in decorative work to have time for the painting of easel pictures. But there is a fine feeling for line and for the beauty of the forms of childhood in Sargent Kendall's Reflection, and there is linear beauty also in Willard D. Paddock's Quiet Valley—Mr. Paddock always shows a sense of design—and in Frederick J. Waugh's two marines. Mrs. Lucia Fairchild Fuller's miniature, Près d'une Claire Fontaine, is a dainty piece of work, of which, perhaps, no one else we have is quite capable; and rhythm of line and the movement of the human figure is the main motive of Bryson Burroughs's Start Before Sunrise.

Among portraits with pictorial quality may be ranked W. T. Smedley's Carnegie prize picture, Book-lovers, as well as Lydia Field Emmet's Sisters, which received the Proctor prize. Mr. Smedley's family group is well composed and well drawn and painted, after its manner. It is probably in portraiture that "direct painting" will hold out longest against the desire for color and for beauty of material. This is workmanlike, and his fellow craftsmen have justly recognized its merits. Personally, I prefer Miss Emmet's other very able portrait, that of a father and son, to that of The Sisters. The double portrait of a mother and child by Mrs. Edith M. Prellwitz has charm of expression and of characterization in a greater degree than mere technical power, though its technical accomplishment is considerable. J. W. Alexander's brilliant sketch of the veteran landscape painter, Mr. Whittredge, has an interest from the personality of the sitter as well as from the dash of Mr. Alexander's handling.

Serious picture-making is shown in one way or another in such landscapes as Arthur Parton's Freshet, the most vigorous thing of his I remember; in W. A. Coffin's Early Morning in May, not quite free of a certain dryness, but well composed, well drawn, and well colored, perhaps his best work; in Charles Rosen's fine Frosty Morning; and careful composition is to be found in M. H. Bancroft's Mater Amoris, as well as a charming head, while his little picture of two nude figures called Morning is distinguished by great delicacy of tone. One is glad to believe from the presence in a place of honor of Robert Henri's Girl in a Yellow Satin Dress, that the quarrel of that gentleman with the Academy is not irreconcilable. Probably it was never so bitter as it was painted by the press. The picture is one of his best. One is glad for the same reason, apart from the merit of the work itself, to see here Ernest Lawson's Snow Bound Boats, an admirable example of his personal methods. But one cannot catalogue every work of merit in more than four hundred, and I can mention but one more picture, C. W. Hawthorne's Venetian Girl. Mr. Hawthorne's undoubted talent was wont to permit itself a rather riotous indulgence in paint, which was sometimes distressing to his friends. The result of a stay in Europe has been a chastening of his vigor, and this work is quiet, restrained, admirable. Other illustrations in plenty of the good promise and present achievement of the American school of painting, the visitor to these galleries may be trusted to find for himself.

For many reasons the sculpture exhibited is less significant. All that is made clear

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by the twenty or thirty small pieces shown is the growing influence on our younger men of the work of Rodin—an influence quite unavoidable and likely to continue for some little time longer. It is shown acceptably in such works in marble as The River's Return to the Sea, by Chester Beach, or The Dregs of Love, by Robert Aitken, where it has led to a finding and losing of the form that is not without charm; not so acceptably in the latter artist's bronze Mercury, where the rather ostentatious ugliness of the pose of the right foot goes far to ruin a figure of some merit. Karl Bitter's able and graceful Testimonial Tablet is almost the only contribution from any of our better-known sculptors. One cannot blame them for abstaining. Under the present conditions it is impossible to exhibit sculpture properly. For that alone, we need the new galleries which are needed for so many other reasons. KENYON COX.

Miss Birnie Philip, legatee of Whistler, has several hundred letters of the artist which she is preparing to publish. She will be glad to have the use of any further letters; her address is care of Watkin Williams, Steel & Hart, No. 54 New Broad Street, London.

There are always books on art of which one wonders why they were written, or when written, printed. Of such is Frederick Seymour's "Siena and Her Artists" (Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.). Mr. Seymour is enthusiastic about Siennese art, but has no other discoverable qualification for writing about it. He is unable to tell the reader what it is that he finds admirable in the things he admires, and his criticism reduces itself to a reiteration of the statement that the things are fine. Once, indeed, he attempts something more, and prints nearly four pages describing the wonderful things he reads in the expression of a Madonna by Neroccio di Landi—a Madonna revealed by his frontispiece as a very badly drawn figure with an inane simper.

Walter Crane has lived for more than sixty years, and has known many of the most interesting people of the artistic and literary world of nineteenth-century England. When, therefore, he publishes "An Artist's Reminiscences" (The Macmillan Co.), one expects to find them good reading. One is wofully disappointed. Either the people he met never did or said anything in his presence, or he immediately forgot what they did or said. The volume reads like an expansion of the kind of skeleton diary some people keep—the kind of diary that tells where they went and with whom they dined, and nothing more. For instance, Mr. Crane is able to tell us just how many sittings he gave to Watts for his portrait, and under what circumstances, but to tell us nothing whatever about Watts's personality, conversation, or method of working. The book is, indeed, a dreary waste of insignificant matter, couched in a style at once slipshod and affected.

"Griechische Bildwerke," by Max Sauerlandt (Leipzig: Karl Robert Langeweise), is one of those well-contrived albums of art reproductions in which the Germans excel. It contains 140 good half-tone cuts of fine examples of Grecian sculpture from the earliest times to the Roman conquest. Greco-Roman copies are in the minority and their secondary nature is always noted on the plate itself. Recently discovered masterpieces are included: the Discobolos of Castel Porziano and the amazing Niobid dug up last winter at Rome, but the Priestess of Castel Anzio does not appear—possibly the editor fears with certain timorous critics that it is not Greek; nor yet the beautiful bronze portrait head at Boston, called an Arsinoë. The collection may be recommended for school use. It would be hard to find better value at the price, one mark eighty pfennig. This pamphlet is the first of a series to be called Die Welt des Schönen. The text which, in the present instance, is accurate and in good taste, will be subordinated to the illustrations.

Sir William Richmond's portrait of Dr. A. J. Evans, keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, was formally presented to that institution on December 7. Among the subscribers to the portrait fund were fifty-five Americans. The picture represents Dr. Evans in the light workaday costume of his predilection, surrounded by the vases, sculptures, and frescoes unearthed at Cnossos. Its background is an exceedingly beautiful Cretan landscape, while the middle distance is occupied by the walls of the great Labyrinthine palace. On the occasion of the presentation Dr. Evans spoke, among other things, of enlargements now in contemplation and of a generous endowment for the organization of an Egyptological Room, where the remarkable series, derived by the Ashmolean from the Egypt Exploration Fund in coöperation with Professor Petrie, might be suitably shown. He finally expressed the hope that what had so far been achieved might be the stepping stone to a still more sound and solid organization and still larger development, so that the whole fine art department might be placed upon a new and permanent basis in which the Renaissance objects of all kinds should be grouped together with the pictures in a thoroughly scientific manner.

Prof. Flinders Petrie and Mr. Mackay of Bristol have selected the site of Memphis for their excavations this year. The importance of this undertaking will be realized if we remember that Memphis was the capital of ancient Egypt, and that her history reaches back to the beginnings of Egyptian civilization. Here was the seat of the Memphite school of sculpture, the finest in Egyptian art, and here was the famous temple of Ptah, which was first founded by Menes and enlarged repeatedly by a long succession of kings. The site, which covers an area of more than 100 acres, has never before been excavated. The difficulties in the way of the work will undoubtedly be great, as the land is under cultivation.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers in this city are portraits by Adelaide Herter at M. Knoedler & Co.'s, till December 30.

At Christie's auction, London, December 10, the following prizes were paid for engravings: Lady Taylor, by W. Dickinson, after Reynolds, £100; and The Snake in the Grass, by W. Ward, £105.

Finance.

TWO CAUSES OF THE FINANCIAL COLLAPSE.

Every financial breakdown is followed by reports, from receivers of insolvent banks and companies, from directors and promoters who had a hand in the preceding speculation, and from investigating committees—documents which are read by the general public with sentiments very different from those with which reports on the same undertakings would have been received before the crash. The balance-sheet of the National Cordage Company in 1893, the statement of assets of Overend, Gurney & Co. in 1866, the reports on the State banks of 1857 or on the Reading and Atchison railways of 1893, are examples in point. What was true after those other panics is true, and will continue to be true, after the panic of 1907. A partial test of this changed disposition, on the public's part, has already been provided by two events.

Last Friday the Union Pacific Railroad

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published its annual report. Since this document showed, during the fiscal year under review, a state of prosperity and earning power which few enterprises of the sort have paralleled, one might suppose that here, at least, no ground for reminiscent wrath could be discovered. The contrary is true. Morier Evans, the English historian of our panic of 1857, observed in his account of that episode, published two years later:

> It is a remarkable fact that whilst, as much as fifteen months before the American crisis, a general distrust of the railway system prevailed throughout the United States, public opinion in England was unaffected up to the verge of August and September.

But he adds, in retrospect, that recognition of "the fearful indiscretion in the financial management of American railways has been among the prominent results of the late crisis." History repeats itself, and the Union Pacific annual report, along with its brilliant show of earnings, had to make confession, not very frankly or plainly, of that company's own part in the reckless inflation which finally broke the back of credit. Confronted in July, 1906, as all intelligent railway men knew that it was confronted, with exceptional requirements for new expenditure in the face of a vanishing demand for new securities, the company nevertheless had on hand, in cash or in readily convertible demand loans, no less a sum than $55,968,000. Instead of applying this surplus to its own urgent needs, the company plunged the whole of it into purchase, at the extravagant prices then prevailing, of stocks in a dozen other railways, some of them at the other end of the continent from the Union Pacific's territory.

This was not all; the company then proceeded, within the same six months, to throw $75,725,000 more into similar purchases, raising for the purpose temporary loans. To make these obligations good, this prosperous railway company—earning, as last week's report sets forth, 17½ per cent. on its common stock—had, in the face of the gathering financial storm last July, to sell its bonds to the amount of $75,000,000 at sacrifice prices. The annual report admits that the loss on this investment of $131,693,000 of Union Pacific funds in Stock Exchange securities, as gauged by comparison of the purchase price with that of June 29, 1907, the end of the fiscal year, was $23,149,000. Nor, indeed, is this all: for since that date—taking last Friday's quotations—the price of the $14,000,000 in New York Central stock thus purchased has fallen 18 points further, of the $10,000,000 in Atchison, 21 points, of the $32,000,000 in Baltimore and Ohio, 12, and so on. Considering what imitators the Union Pacific had, and what use was made of its speculations in promoting the mad exploits on the Stock Exchange towards the end of 1906, we have in these figures an instructive chapter in the story of the panic of 1907.

Another reminiscence, with a similar bearing, was suggested by last week's report of the committee of New York bankers. Any one who reads the economic histories of the panic of 1857 will learn that American banks, outside of the older Eastern sections, were investing deposits in whatever suited the personal ideas of the managers; that the fixed and not easily convertible investments—notably real estate—in which demand liabilities were thus tied up, prevented conversion of securities into cash when the storm broke, and that cash reserves of 5 to 11 per cent. which had been deemed sufficient against outstanding notes and indebtedness to depositors, turned out wholly inadequate. That this sort of "wild-cat banking"—the phrase was invented in 1857—was a powerful influence in undermining prosperity and causing the frightful panic of that year, is taught in every primer of economics. When that utterly vicious system was reformed, a few years later, people could hardly have imagined that, after an interval of half a century, in New York State, banking institutions with $850,000,000 demand deposits would be doing business under a law which allowed them to invest such deposits in the very fields where the experiments of the deposit banks of 1857 resulted so disastrously—a law, furthermore, which did not even require the cash reserve of 1857. The report of the Governor's committee of bankers, touching this very subject, is discussed more fully elsewhere.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Axtell, Harold, L. The Deification of Abstract Ideas in Roman Literature and Inscription. University of Chicago Press.
Barnes, Earl. Where Knowledge Fails. B. W. Huebsch.
Barzini, Luigi. Peking to Paris. Translated by L. P. de Castelvecchio. Mitchell Kennerley. $5 net.
Bear, Bernard de. High Speed in Shorthand. Isaac Pitman & Sons. 40 cents.
Campbell, R. J. Christianity and the Social Order. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Cunningham, W. The Gospel of Work: Four Lectures on Christian Ethics. Putnam's.
Cunningham, W. The Wisdom of the Wise. Putnam's.
Cunningham, W. The Rise and Decline of the Free Trade Movement. Putnam's.
Dale, Edmund. National Life and Character in the Mirror of Early English Literature. Putnam's.
Dole, Nathan Haskell. The Pilgrims and Other Poems. Boston: Privately printed.
Dunbar, William, Poems of. Edited by H. Bellyse Baildon. Putnam's.
Emerson's Essays. Edited by Edna H. L. Turpin. Charles E. Merrill Co.
Griggs, Edward Howard. The Use of the Margin. B. W. Huebsch.
Hagedorn, jr., Hermann. The Silver Blade. Berlin.
Harrison, Jane Ellen. Primitive Athens as Described by Thucydides. Putnam's.
Head, F. W. The Fallen Stuarts. Putnam's.
Hubbard, Kin. Abe Martin's Almanack. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Jebb, Sir Richard. Essays and Addresses. Putnam's.
Jenkins, Stephen. A Princess and Another. B. W. Huebsch.
Johnson, E. H. Christian Agnosticism. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.
Knapp, Fritz. Andrea del Sarto. Lemcke & Buechner.
Letters Patent of Elizabeth and James the First. Edited by John Willis Clark. Putnam's.
Minerva, 1907-1908. Lemcke & Buechner.
New Jersey Archives. Edited by William Nelson. Vol. XXVI. Paterson, N. J.
Pitman's Course in Shorthand. Isaac Pitman & Sons. $1.50.
Ridgeway, William. The Early Age of Greece. Putnam's.
Sandys, John Edwin. A History of Classical Scholarship. Putnam's.
Shakespeare's Loues Labors Lost. Edited by F. J. Furnivall. Duffield & Co.
Simpson, W. J. A Treatise on Plague. Putnam's.
Stansbury, Mary A. P. The Path of Years. Appleton, Wis.: Post Publishing Co.
Thomas, Northcote W. Kinship Organizations and Group Marriage in Australia. Putnam's.

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